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Half a Chance

BY FREDERIC S. ISHAM

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CHAPTER VII.

Several months went by and John Steele saw nothing further, although he heard often, of Miss Jocelyn Wray. His business to the continent, whatever its nature, had seemed sufficiently important to authorize from him to her, in due process of time, a short perfunctory message regretting his inability to present himself at the appointed hour at Strathorn House. Whether the young girl found in the letter a vagueness warranting a suspicion that John Steele preferred the heavy duties of the city to the light frivolities of the country, matters not; it suffice it the weeks passed and no further invitations, in the ponderous script of the wife of Sir Charles, arrived to tempt him from his accustomed ways. But the days of this long interim had not passed altogether uneventfully; a few incidents, apart from the routine of his work, obtruded themselves upon his attention.

A numbr of supposedly prospective clients had called to ask for him at his office during his sojourn on the other side of the channel. That was to have been expected; but one or two of these, by dint of flattery, or possibly silver-lined persuasion, had succeeded in gaining access to his chambers.

"I should like to have a look into John Steele's library; I've heard it's worth while," one had observed to the butler at the door. "Only a bit of a peep around!" His manner of putting his desire, supplemented by a half crown, left the butler no alternative save to comply with the request, until the "peep around" began to develop into more than cursory examination, when his sense of propriety became outraged and the visitor's welcome was cut short.

"He was that curious, a regular Paul Pry!" explained the servant to John Steele, in narrating the incident on the latter's return to London. Seemed specially taken by the reports of the old trials you have on the shelves, sir. 'What an interesting collection of causes celebres!' he kept remarking. 'I suppose your master takes much of them?' He would have been handling of them, too, and when I showed him the door—trusting I did right, sir, even if he should happen to be a client!—he asked more questions before going."

"What questions?" quietly.

"Personal-like. But I put a stop to that."

For a few moments John Steele said nothing; his face, on his reappearance in London, had looked slightly paler, more set and determined, not unlike that of a man, who, strongly assailed, has made up his mind to do battle to the end. With whom? How many? He might put out his hand, clench it; the thin air made no answer. He regarded the shadows now; they seemed to wave around him, intangible, obscure. A dark day in town, the streets were oppressive; the people below passed like poorly done replicas of themselves; the rattle of the wheels resembled a sullen, disgruntled mumble.

"You will admit no one to my chambers during my absence in the future," said Steele at length, to the man, sternly. "No one, you understand, under any pretext whatever; even," a flicker of grim humor in the deep eyes, "if he should say he was a client of mine!"

The butler returned a subdued answer, and John Steele, after a moment's thought, stepped to a large safe in the corner, and applying a somewhat elaborate combination, swung open the door. Taking from a compartment a bundle of papers carefully rolled, he unfastened the tape, spread them on a table and examined them, one after the other. They made a voluminous heap; here and there on the white pages in bold regular script appeared the name of a woman; her life lay before him, the various stages of an odd and erratic career. At a cabaret at Montmatre; a casino in the Paris Bohemian quarter; in London—at a variety hall of amusement. And afterward!—wastrel, nomad! Throughout the writing, in many of the documents, another name, too, a titled name, a cognomen, often came and went, flitted elusively from leaf to leaf.

The reader looked at this name, wrote a page or two, and inserted them. But his task seemed to afford him little satisfaction; his face wore an expression not remote from disparagement; none knew better than he the actual value, for his purpose, of the material before him. The chaff, froth, bubble of the case!—almost contemptuously he regarded it. And he sought the unattainable? Certainly he had left no stone unturned, no stone, and yet the head and front of what he sought had ever escaped him—should he grasp it?—with these new secret activities menaced him?—harassing the future?

He drew himself up suddenly, as if to shake off momentary doubt or depression. Replacing his documents in the safe and locking it, he walked into a room adjoining; in a bare, square place on the wall hung foils and broadswords, and the only furnishings were the conventional appointments of a home gymnasium.

Here after doffing his street clothes and assumed the scant costume of the athlete, for an hour or more he exercised vigorously, every muscle responding to its task with an untiring ease that told of a perfect system of training. As he stood in the glow, breathing deep and full, his figure, with its perfect lines of strength and litheness, the supurb but not too pronounced swell of limb and shoulder, would have been the delight of the professional expounder of dumb-bells, bars and clubs, as the most proper medium of "fitness" and condition. Whether he exercised for the sake of exercising, or because bodily movement served to stimulate his mind in the consideration of problems of moment, John Steele certainly had never been in finer physical fettle than at this particular period of his varied and eventful career. Which proved of service to him and his wellbeing, for one night, not long thereafter, he was called upon to defend himself from a number of footpads who set upon him.

The episode occurred in his own street near a corner, where the shadows were black at an hour when the narrow way seemed silent and deserted. For a block or more footfalls had sounded behind him, now quickening, then becoming more deliberate, in unison with his own steps, as from time to time he purposely altered his pace. Once he had stopped; whereupon they too had paused. A moment he stood looking up at St. Paul's, immense, ominous, casting at that late hour a dim patch of shadow over scores of pigmy buildings and paultry byways, when he went on, patter!—patter!—the trailing of feet, inevitable as fate, followed through the darkness. But they came no nearer until, abruptly wheeling, he entered the short street where his chambers were located; at the same time two men, apparently sauntering from the river in that side thoroughfare, approached him somewhat rapidly, separating slightly as they did so.

John Steele seemed oblivious. He moved into a doorway and drawing from his pocket a cigar, unconcernedly lighted a match. The fellows looked at him, at the tiny flame; it flickered and went out. They hesitated; he felt in his pocket, giving them time to move by. They did not do so; in a moment the others from the main highway would join them. As if disappointed in not finding what he sought, Steele, looking around, appeared to see for the first time the evil-looking miscreants who had come from the direction of the Thames, and striding toward them asked briskly for a light. One of the fellows thus unceremoniously addressed had actually begun to feel in his shabby garments for the article required when his companion uttered a short derisory oath.

It served as a sudden stimulus to him against whom it was directed; the old precept that he who strikes first strikes best, John Steele seemed fully to appreciate. His heavy stick flashed in the air, rang hard; the way before him cleared, he did not linger. But close behind now the others came fast; his door, however, was near. Now he reached it, fitted the heavy key. Had it turned as usual, the episode would have been brought to a speedy conclusion, but, as it was, the key stuck. The foremost of those who had been trailing fell upon Steele but soon drew back; one of them, unable to repress a groan, held his hand to a broken wrist, while from his helpless fingers a knife dropped to the ground.

A hoarse voice in thieves' jargon, unintelligible to the layman, cursed them for cowards; John Steele on a sudden laughed loudly, exultantly; whereupon he who had thus spoken from the background stared. A ponderous, hulking fellow, about six feet three, with a shock of red hair and a thick hanging lip—obviously this one of his assailants possessed immense, unusual strength. In appearance he was the reverse of pleasing; his bloodshot eyes seemed to shine like coals from the darkness, the huge body to quiver with rage or with lust for the conflict.

"Let me at him, ye —!" he cried in foul and flash tongue, when John Steele suddenly called him by name, said something in that selfsame dialect of pickpurses and their ilk.

Whatever the words or their portent, the effect was startling. Steele's bulky assailant paused, remained stock-still, his purpose arrested, all his anger gone out of him.

"How the—? Who—?" the man began.

"Call off your fellows!" John Steele's voice seemed to thrill; a fierce elation shone from his glance. "I want to talk with you. It'll be more worth your while than any prigging or bagging you've ever yet done."

"Well, I'm blowed!" The man's tone was puzzled; surprise, suspicion gleamed from the bloodshot eyes. "How should a swell gent like you know—? And you want to talk with me? Here's a gamey cove!"

"I tell you I must talk with you! And it will be better for you, my man—" a sharp metallic click told that the speaker had turned the key in the lock behind him—"to step in here with me. You needn't be afraid I'm going to nab you; I've got a lay better than hooking you for the dock. As for the others, they can go, for all of mee."

"Oh, they can!" The big man's face expressed varying feelings — vague wonder; at the same time he began to edge cautiously away. "That would be a nice plant, wouldn't it? Let's out of this, blokies!" suddenly, "this cove knows too much, and—"

"Wait!" Steele stepped slightly toward him. "I want you, Tom Rogers, and I'm going to have you; it'll be quids in your pocket and not Newgate."

"Slope for it, mates!" The big man's voice rang out; around the corner in the direction of the Thames the burly figure of a policeman appeared in the dim light. "That's his little game!" and turned.

But John Steele sprang savagely forward. "You fool! You'll not get away so easily!" he exclaimed, when one of the others put out a foot. It caught the pursuing man fairly and tripped him. John Steele went down hard; his head struck the stone curb violently.

For some moments he lay still; when at length he did move, to lift himself on his elbow, as through a mist he made out the broad and solicitous face of a policeman bending over him.

"That was a nasty fall you got, sir."

"Fall?" John Steele arose, stood swaying. "That man!—must not escape— Do you hear? must not!" As he spoke he made as if to rush forward; the other laid steadying fingers on his arm.

"Hold hard a bit, sir," he said. "Not quite yourself; besides, they're well out of sight now. No use running after."

Steele moved, grasped the railing leading up the front step; his brow throbbed; a thousand darting pains shot through his brain. But for the moment these physical pangs were as nothing; disappointment, self-reproach moved him. To have allowed himself to go down like that; to have been caught by such a simple trick! Clumsy clod!—and at a moment when— He laughed fiercely; from his head the blood flowed; he did not feel that hurt now.

The officer regarded the strong, noble figure moving just a little to and fro, the lips set ironically, the dark eyes that gleamed in the night as with sardonic derision.

"Pardon me, sir," he said in a brisker tone, "but hadn't we better go in? This, I take it, is your house; you can look after yourself somewhat, and afterward describe your assailants. Then we'll start out to find and arrest them, if possible!"

"Arrest?" John Steele looked at the officer; his gaze slowly regained its accustomed steadiness. "I am afraid I can't help you; the darkness, the suddenness of the attack—"

"But surely you must have noticed something, sir; whether they were large, or small; what sort of clothes they wore—" The other shook his head; the man appeared disappointed. "Well, I'll make a report of the attack, but—"

Steele loosened his hold on the railing; he appeared now to have recovered his strength. "That's just what I don't want you to do. My name is John Steele, you know of me?" And, as the other returned a respectful affirmative, "It is my desire to escape any notoriety in this little matter, you understand? As one whose profession brings him in connection with these people, the episode seems rather anomalous as well as humiliating. It might even," his accents had a covert mocking sound, "furnish a paragraph for one of the comic weeklies. So you see—" Something passed from his hand to the policeman's.

"I didn't think of that, sir; but I suppose there is something in your way of looking at it, and as there isn't much chance of getting them, anyhow, with no clue, or description—" his voice died away.

Walking quickly up the steps John Steele opened the door, murmured a perfunctory "Good-night" and let himself in. But as he mounted to his chambers, some of the moment's exultation that had seized him at sight of the man, revived.

"He has come back—he is here—in London. I surely can lay hands on him—I must! I will!"

CHAPTER VIII.

He found the task no easy one, however, although he went at it with his characteristic vigor and energy. Few men knew the seamy side of London better than John Steele; its darksome streets and foul alleys, its hovels and various habitations. And this knowledge he utilized to the best advantage, always to find that his efforts came to naught. The snares he set before possible hiding places proved abortive; the artifices he employed to uncover the quarry in maze or labyrinth were fruitless. The man had appeared like a vision from the past, and vanished. Whither? Out of the country, once more? Over the seas? Had he taken quick alarm at Steele's words, and effected a hasty retreat from the scenes of his graceless and nefarious career?

Reluctantly John Steele found himself forced to entertain the possibility of this being so; otherwise the facilities at his command were such that he should most likely, ere this, have been able to attain his end, find what he sought. Soberly attired, he attracted no very marked attention in the slums—adjoining spots of the criminal classes; the denizens knew John Steele—he had been there oft before.

He had, on occasion, assisted some of them with stern good advice or more substantial services. He was acquainted with these men and women; had, perhaps, a larger charity for them than most people find it expedient to cherish. His glance had always seemed to read them through and through, with uncompromising realization of their infirmities, weaknesses of the flesh and inherited moral imperfections. His very fearlessness had ever commended him to that lower world; it did now, enabling him the better to cast about in divers directions.

To hear nothing, to learn nothing, at least, very little! One man had seen the object of Steele's solicitude and to this person, a weazened little "undesirable," the red-headed giant had confided that London was pretty hot and he thought of decamping from it.

"'Arter all this time that's gone by,' he says to me, bitter-like, 'to think a man can't come back to 'is native 'ome without being spied on for what ought long to be dead and forgotten!' But you're not trying to lay hands on 'im to put 'im in the pen, gov'ner?"

"I?" A singular glint shot from Steele's gaze. "No, no, my man, I'm not seeking him for that. But he didn't say where he expected to go?"

"Not he."

"Nor what brought him to London?"

"I expect it was 'omesickness, sir. 'E's been a bad lot, but 'e has a heart, arter all. It was to see 'is mother 'e came back; the old woman drew 'im 'ere. You see 'e had written 'er from foreign parts, but could never 'ear; 'cause she had moved; used to keep a place where a woman was found—"

"Dead?"

"Murdered!" said the man; John Steele was silent. "And she, 'is mother, 'ad gone, 'aving saved a bit, out into a peaceable-like little 'amlet, where there weren't no bobbies, only instead, bits of flower gardens and bright bloomin' daffy-down-dillies. But blime me, when Tom come and found out where she 'ad changed to, if she 'adn't gone and shuffled off, and all 'e 'ad for 'is pains was the sight of a mound in the churchyard."

"Yes; she's buried," said John Steele thoughtfully, "and all she might have told about the woman who was—murdered, is buried with her."

"But she did tell, sir; at the time," quickly, "of the trial."

"True." The visitor's tone changed. "If you can find Tom, give him this note; you'll be well paid—"

"I ain't askin' for that; you got me off easy once and gave me a lift, arter I was let out—"

"Well, well!" Steel made a brusk gesture. "We all need a helping hand sometimes," he said turning away.

And that was as near as he had come to the attainment of his desires.

Summer passed; sometimes, the better to think, to plan, to keep himself girded by constant exercise, he repaired to the park, now neglected by fashion and given over to the nebulous quantity of diverse qualities called the people. Where fine gentlemen and beaux had idled, middle-class nursemaids now trundled their charges or paused to converse with the stately guardians of the place. Almost deserted were roads and row; landau, victoria and brougham, with their varied coat-of-arms, no longer rolled pompously past; only the occasional democratic cab, of nimble possibilities, speeding by with a fare lent pretext of life to the scene. True, the nomad appeared in ever increasing numbers, holding his right to the sward for a couch as an inalienable privilege; John Steele encountered him on every hand. Once, beneath a tree, where Jocelyn Wray and he had stopped their horses to talk for a moment, the bleared, bloated face of what had been a man looked up at him. The sight for an instant seemed to startle the beholder; a wave of anger at that face, set in a place where imagination had an instant before played with a picture altogether different, passed over him; then quickly went.

As he strode forward at a swinging pace, his thoughts swept swiftly again into another channel, one they had been flowing in when he had first entered the park that day. Above him leaves rustled ceaselessly; their restless movements seemed in keeping with his mood wherein impatience mingled with other and fiercer emotions. Fate had been against him, the inevitable "what must be," which, in the end, crushes alike Faintheart or Strongheart. Of what avail to square his shoulders? the danger pressed close; he felt it by that intuition men sometimes have. What if he left, left the field, this England? Who could accuse him of cowardice if in that black moment he yielded to the hateful course and went, like the guilty, pitiable skulkers?

"How do you do, Steele? Just the man I wanted to see!"

Near the main exit, toward which John Steele had unconsciously stepped, the sound of a familiar voice and the appearance of a well-known stocky form broke in, with startling abruptness, on the dark train of thought.

"Deep in some point of law?" went on Sir Charles. "'Pon honor, believe you would have cut me. However, don't apologize; you're forgiven!"

"Most amiable of you to say so, Sir Charles!" perfunctorily.

"Not at all! Especially as our meeting is quite apropos. Obliged to run up to town on a little matter of business; but, thank goodness, it's done. Never saw London more deserted. Dined at the club, nobody there. Supped at the hotel, dining room empty. Strolled up Piccadilly, not a soul to be seen. That is," added, "no one whom one has seen before, which is the same thing. But how did you enjoy your trip to the continent?"

"It was not exactly a trip for pleasure," returned the other with a slight accent of constraint.

"Ah, yes; so I understood. But fancy going to the continent on business! One usually goes for—which reminds me, how would you like to go back into the country with me?"

"I? It is impossible at the moment, for—"

But Sir Charles seemed not to listen. "Deuced dull journey for a man to take alone; good deal of it by coach. You'll find a few salmon to kill—trout and all that. Think of the joy of whipping a stream, after having been mewed up all these months in the musty metropolis! Besides, I made a wager with Jocelyn you wouldn't refuse a second opportunity to bask in Arcadia." He laughed. "'I really couldn't presume to ask him again,' is the way she expressed it, 'but if you can draw a sufficiently eloquent picture of the rural attractions of Strathorn to woo him from his beloved dusty byways, you have my permission to try.'"

"Did she say that?" John Steele spoke quickly. Then, "I am sorry, it is impossible, but," in a low tone, "how is Miss Wray?"

"Never better. Enjoying every moment. Jolly party and all that. Lord Ronsdale and—" Here Sir Charles enumerated a number of people.

"Lord Ronsdale is there?"

"Yes; couldn't keep him away from Strathorn House now," he laughed. "As a matter of fact he has asked my permission to—there!" Sir Charles stopped, then laughed again with a little embarrassment. "I've nearly let the cat out of the bag."

John Steele spoke no word; his face was set, immovable; his lashes shaded his eyes. A flood of traffic at a corner held them; he appeared attentive only for it. The wheels pounded and rattled; the whips snapped and cracked.

"You mean he has proposed for her hand and she—" Steele seemed to speak with difficulty—"has consented?"

The noise almost drowned the question but Sir Charles heard.

"Well, not exactly. She appears complaisant, as it were," he answered. "But really, I shouldn't have mentioned the matter at all; quite premature, you understand. Let's say no more about it. And—what was it you said about going back with me?"

"Yes," said John Steele with a sudden strength and energy that Sir Charles might attribute to the desire to make himself understood above the din of the street. "I'll go back with you at"—the latter words, lower spoken, the other did not catch—"no matter what cost!"

Sir Charles dodged a vehicle; he did not observe the light, the fire, the sudden play of fierce, dark passion on his companion's face.

"Good!" he said. "And when you get tired of 'books in the running brooks'—"

Steele's hand closed on his arm. "When do you leave?" he asked abruptly.

"Today—tomorrow— Suit your convenience."

"Let it be today, then! Today!"

Sir Charles looked at him quickly; John Steele's face recovered its composure.

"I believe I have become weary of what your niece calls the 'dusty byways,'" he explained with a forced laugh.

(To Be Continued.)

First Fatal Accident to an Airman in England

—Illustrated London News.

WRECKAGE OF MR. ROLLS' AEROPLANE AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Bournemouth has had the sad distinction, in the midst of its centenary celebrations, of being the scene of the first fatal accident to an airman in this country. Prior to the expert inquiry, various explanations were offered as to the cause of the disaster, and the accounts of eye-witnesses were to some extent conflicting. According to one account, the left side of the tail plane broke away with part of the rudder when the machine was about 50 feet from the ground. This, it is said, was due to the sudden air-pressure on the tail plane caused by a somewhat violent pull on the lever. The tail-plane, a new adjustable stabiliser (a Wright patent) had only been attached last Sunday. Another description says that the accident was probably due to Mr. Rolls having made an abrupt turn into the teeth of the wind; the rudder and stays suddenly lost their rigidity and a part of the machine fell to the ground, the left side appearing to crumple up and drag the rest after it. A third account says that the rudders suddenly broke. Mr. Rolls was seen to make a quick movement of the lever, and, as the machine swung round, with a sound of splitting woodwork, their supports and the rear stabilising plane buckled up.

OHIO REPUBLICAN GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE

By Frank Parker Stockbridge.

I spent Thursday with Warren G. Harding, the man who was nominated for governor by the Republican party at Columbus Wednesday. That is to say, I spent the day in Marion, but a good deal of the time was with others than the candidate, for I not only wanted to see Harding himself under every day conditions, but to learn what his neighbors think of him. On that latter point there is only this to say: If the rest of the people of Ohio thought as well of him as his townspeople of Marion do, he would be elected unanimously. As to the man himself, seen at close range, the summing up of all observations is that he is first and last a man in every sense—a human, kindly, big, broad and forceful personality, without a sign of affectation or of placing too high a value on his own position and prominence—a man who has made himself but who differs from many other self-made men in that he is not constantly calling on the rest of the world to admire his workmanship.

* * *

Harding, as everyone knows, is a newspaper man. He learned the printer's trade as a boy. When he was 17—that was in 1882—he went with his parents to Marion. He was just out of school—the old Ohio Central college at Iberia. Two years later he bought the Marion Daily Star. It was a queer little four-page paper, printed one page at a time on a job press. How successful it had been up to that time may be judged from the fact that it cost him $300 to buy the whole business. It was one of the very first attempts in America at publishing a daily in a country town. Today the Marion Star is one of the best newspaper properties in Ohio. It is capitalized at $50,000, which is considerably less than its actual value, and Harding owns three-fourths of the stock. The old job press that constituted the bulk of the plant in 1884 has been succeeded first by a cylinder, then by a flat-bed perfecting press, and now the latest type of rotary perfecting press, which is just being installed.

* * *

Mr. Harding would rather talk about the Star than about himself. One finds that out before being in his office five minutes. "I have been working for years towards what I think the ideal newspaper ought to be," he said. "I haven't reached it yet, but if I had not been nominated for governor I was planning to carry out at once certain plans that I have been developing for a long time. I shall carry them out, whether elected or not, but not as soon as I could have if the campaign did not interfere. For one thing, I intend to publish a paper that will contain no police court news. I want to make my paper so clean that no parent will have cause to hesitate before letting his children read it. I want to minimize the criminal and sordid side of life and emphasize the bright and cheerful side. In other words, I want my paper to be a force for the uplift of humanity, and I am going to try my best to make it so."

* * *

While on this subject of the Star, there is another interesting thing about the paper in that it is conducted on the profit-sharing plan. There are several employes who have been with the paper ever since Mr. Harding bought it. There are any number who have been there for twenty years, and one who has served only ten years is looked upon as a newcomer. A few years ago Mr. Harding took the cases of these old employes under consideration, and decided that they were entitled to something more than the rather generous salaries which he pays them. So he incorporated the property and set aside one-fourth of the stock to be distributed among the employes. He didn't make them feel that they were objects of charity by giving it to them—he doesn't believe anyone is entitled to something for nothing—but he let them subscribe for it at par, which is about half its real value, and then lent them the money with which to pay for it. Those who borrowed gave him their notes at long time, and are paying for their stock as they are able to, meantime drawing the handsome dividends which it pays.

* * *

There is no typographical union in Marion, and consequently the Star is not a union paper. When there was a union here the Star was a union shop, conducted under a contract with the union as to wages and hours. The union broke up for reasons not connected with the Star, but nearly all the printers who were employed at that time are still at work, drawing as good pay, or better than the pay which the union scale called for. And Mr. Harding himself does not hesitate to take a hand in the composing room at times. In fact, he rathers enjoys it, and his "make-up rule" is something he always carries in his trousers pocket.

* * *

Harding's office, a big, airy, well-lighted room overlooking the principal street of the town, is hung about with pictures, mostly portraits of men who have played a prominent part in the political life of Ohio and the nation. The largest of all, hanging opposite the editor's chair, is a framed and autographed photograph of Theodore Roosevelt. Immediately over Harding's head as he sits at his desk is a portrait of McKinley, and alongside it one of President Taft. There are photographs of Mark Hanna, Senator Burton and ex-Senator Foraker. One on the front wall is a colored print of James G.

Continued on Page 3, First Column.

Warren G. Harding, aged 45, is a native of Morrow county, Ohio, but has lived in Marion county since the age of 6 years. He is editor of the Marion Star, is identified with a number of industrial and business institutions of Marion, served as state senator from 1900 to 1904, as lieutenant governor during Governor Herrick's term, and has made more than 300 speeches in Ohio campaigns, since he began his political career.

Mr. Harding comes of a family identified with the early development of Ohio and Pennsylvania. He studied law after being graduated from college, but soon thereafter entered the newspaper business at Marion.

PRECIOUS WINE.

Has Been Preserved Since 1621 in the Town Hall of Breme.

London Globe.

The most celebrated of all the wines of Germany is known as rose wine, and according to a French contemporary it is jealously preserved in the town hall of Breme.

The wine has been in the vaults, so we learn, since 1621, when the conscript fathers had six great vats made at Johannesberg and six others at Hockheimer. Each received the name of one of the Apostles. It is an unwritten law that as soon as a bottle of wine is drawn from the vats a similar quantity of the same vintage is put into the tun, consequently they are always full.

Each of the tuns or vats in the town hall at Breme cost originally £48 and their capacity is 204 litres, or about 57 gallons. Now we have our French statistician again at work as to the cost of the upkeep of the cellar. He comes to the conclusion that each time a bottle of this wine is drunk it represents a sum of over £50. During the war of 1870 the French occupied the town, and the officers, braving the anger of the council of Breme, made free with their precious wine, and it was said that the town of Breme paid more to France than all the other towns in Germany. At the time of the crown prince's wedding we further learn that he was allowed one bottle and one only.

The Jinrikisha.

Charles O. Shepard in London News.

During the years 1869-70 I was the American consul at Yedo (now Tokio), Japan. Some time in November or December of 1869 a peripatetic American missionary, by the name of Globe, visited my consulate, and requested that I go with him to Shinegawa, a suburb of Yedo, to view what he said was an invention of his. I found in the shop a Japanese diku (carpenter) a chair on two wheels, or what was afterward names a "jinrikisha." Goble said the idea was his own and that his object in seeking me was to ask my opinion of the vehicle's practicability. It struck me at once as filling a "long-felt want." We discussed the carriage and I made suggestions, but do not now even remember what they were.

Shinegawa was under a hill upon which stood the British legation, and as I came out from the inspection I spied the late Sir Francis Adams, then the first secretary, who was returning, on horseback from Yokohama by the Tokaido (government highway). I hailed him into the shop, and again the machine was discussed. He approved, as I had done, and added his bit of advice. I dare say Lord Redesdale, who was then second secretary, will remember hearing Sir Francis speak of the circumstance, as they were then living together on the hill.

Not long afterward the first jinrikishas appeared upon the streets, and from that time they came to be almost omnipresent. Relief from the bone-breaking kago was so gratifying to travelers that the little go-carts rushed precipitately into favor. It is a curious fact that nearly all present-time globe trotters think the jinrikisha as old as Japan; on the contrary, its age is little more than 40 years. I can say that neither Sir Francis nor I had ever seen or heard of a like conveyance before, and I, therefore, have full confidence that Goble made the original adaptation.

Methodical Fishing.

Newark Star.

A traveling salesman in a southern town came to a small pond. An old negro was lolling contentedly in the sun with fishing rod in hand. The salesman paused and watched the fishing. After watching for a half hour without seeing the least sign of a bite he asked how the fish were biting. The fisher looked surprised.

"Why, boss," he exclaimed, "dere ain't no fish in dis yere pond. Dere never was a fish in it."

"Well, what do you fish for?" the salesman wanted to know.

"So my old woman can see dat I ain't got no time to chop wood for de fire," the negro answered.

Bacteria.

Philadelphia Record.

Not long since it was announced that Regnault had discovered bacteria in coal. Continuing his reesarches, he found evidence that bacteria were probably coeval with the first appearance of organic life on the earth. They attacked vegetable tissues, as well as the bones and teeth of animals, but as a rule they belonged to species distinct from the bacteria of today.

Running for Congress

MRS. KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

MRS. KATE RICHARDS O'HARE, of Kansas City, Kansas, has accepted the Socialists' nomination to congress in the Second Kansas district. Mrs. O'Hare was notified some time ago of the party's desire that she make the race for congress. She immediately sent a telegram of acceptance. Then she started out to make 50 speeches in the district. During her campaign she has received $5 a day and her expenses from the Socialist party.

Wild Animals Trained in Missouri

There is one place in Missouri where the honk-honk of the motor car is but rarely heard and where no such devices are owned. The people of Lancaster don't take much interest in buzz wagons, because the horse, the Missouri mule, the lion and the elephant, tigers, zebras, monkeys, sacred cows and the like are their stock in trade. Lancaster is the headquarters of the biggest individual horse dealer and circus outfitter in America. Billy Hall is his well known name, and his business brings more money to Lancaster than half a dozen factories. To turn a buzz wagon loose on the streets of Lancaster would be an affront to the industry which has made the place noted, because horses and motors don't travel well together.

Mr. Hall made one season as the proprietor of a big three-ring circus and menagerie. Since then he has gone into the wild animal business on an extensive scale, and imported elephants, lions tigers, queer species of birds, apes and every living thing of an interesting nature to lease and sell to circuses.

The Goose Girl

by Harold MacGrath

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Yes. What would you? You were determined to make a fool of yourself. But rest easy. She is ignorant where this offer came from; moreover, she spurned it, as Mr. Carmichael's clerk will affirm. Oh, Gretchen is a fine little woman, and I would to God she was of your station!" And the mask fell from the regent's face, leaving it bitter and careworn. "Our presence is known in Dreiberg; it has been known for three days at least. And in coming up here I had another errand. Oh, I hadn't forgotten it. In the street there are at least ten soldiers under the subchief of the police; rather a curious conjunction."

The king turned white. So it had come at last!

Carmichael ran to the rear window. He shrugged. "There's half a dozen in the garden, too."

"Is there any way to the roof?"

"None that would serve you."

"Mr. Carmichael," said the king, offering his hand, his handsome face kindly and without rancor," "I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not ask your full pardon. I am indebted to you twice for my life, little as it amounts to. And in my kingdom you will always be welcome. Will you accept my hand, as one man to another?"

"With happiness, your Majesty. And I ask that you pardon my own hasty words."

"Thank you."

"He is only young," sighed Ludwig.

The king emptied the drawer, put the contents in his pack, tied the strings, and put it under his arm.

"What are you going to do?" asked the uncle, vaguely perturbed.

"I am going down to the soldiers. I am no longer a vintner, I am a king!" And he said this in a manner truly royal.

"Gott!" burst from the prince regent. "This boy has a marrow in his bones, after all!"

"As you will find, dear uncle, the day after the coronation. You will, of course, go down to them with me?"

"As I am your uncle! But the incarceration will not be long," Ludwig grumbled. "There are ten thousand troops on the other side of the passes, and they have been there ever since I learned that you had gone a-wooing."

"Ten thousand? Well, they shall stay there," said the king determinedly. "I shall not begin my reign with war. I am in the wrong. I have no business to be here. Technically I have broken the treaty, though not in spirit."

"What will you do?"

"Tell the duke the truth. He will not go far."

"He will be a good politician, too," said Ludwig, with a smile of approval at Carmichael. "No, boy, there will be no war. And yet I was prepared for it; nor was I wrong in doing so. Already but for Herbeck, there would be plenty of fighting in the passes. Ach! Could you but see the princess!"

"I have seen her," replied the king. "Heaven would have been kinder had I seen her months ago."

"Say to his serene highness, then, that you are willing to marry her."

"I'm afraid you do not understand, uncle," the king replied sadly. "I have the supreme happiness to love and be loved. Of that nothing can rob me. And for some time to come, uncle mine, I shall treasure that happiness."

"And the little Gretchen?"

"Yes, yes! I have been a scoundrel." And the king's eyes grew moist. "You are happy, Mr. Carmichael; you have no crown to weigh against your love."

"Has he not?" mocked Ludwig.

"That, uncle, is neither kind nor gallant."

And from that moment Carmichael's heart warmed toward the young man, whose sorrow was greater than his own. For the king was giving up the woman who loved him, while Carmichael was only giving up the woman he loved, which is a distinction.

"I ask Mr. Carmichael's pardon," said Prince Ludwig frankly. "But my temper has been sadly tried. Will you grant me a favor?"

"If it is in my power," said Carmichael.

"Go at once to our embassy and notify them what has taken place."

"I will do that at once. If only I could find some way for you to escape?"

"There is none," said the king. "Come, uncle; let us see what is going on down-stairs."

Carmichael followed them down.

"There they are, men!" cried the sub-chief. "You are under arrest!"

"I am the king of Jugendheit," calmly announced Frederick Leopold. "Will you subject me to public arrest?"

"And I," said the uncle, "am Ludwig, prince regent. Let us go to prison as quickly as possible, blockheads!"

The sub-chief laughed uproariously, and even the disciplined soldiers smiled. The king of Jugendheit and the prince regent! This was a good joke, indeed!

"Your majesty and your royal highness," said the sub-chief, his eyes twinkling, "will do me, a poor subchief of the police, the honor of accompanying me to the Stein-schloss."

"Lead on, lead on!" cried Ludwig. "But wait! I forgot. There can be no harm in asking why we are arrested."

"You are accused of being military spies from Jugendheit. That is sufficient for the present."

"Frederick, they do not believe us. So much the better!" Ludwig pursed his lips into a whistle.

"May I retain this bundle?" inquired the king.

"Yes. I know what is in it. Forward, march!"

The soldiers formed into a square, and in the center the prisoners were placed. Carmichael made as though to protest, but Prince Ludwig signed for him to be silent.

"Remember!" he said.

The king looked in vain for Gretchen. Then he beckoned to Carmichael, and whispered brokenly: "If you see her, do not tell her what has happened. Better to let her think that I

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have gone. And she will see nothing in the arrest of the king of Jugendheit."

"I promise."

The troop marched along the street, followed by many curious ones, and many heads popped in and out of the gabled windows. Carmichael watched them till they veered round a corner, and then he returned to the consulate. There he left a note for the clerk, telling him that he would not be in the office again that day. Directly after, he hurried off to the Jugendheit embassy.

An hour later Gretchen appeared before Frau Bauer. Gretchen had gone home immediately after the termination of the fight in the garden. It had been the will of her lord and master for her to remain at home throughout the day; but this she could not do. She was worried.

"He was not hurt, Frau?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, no! The two of them gave themselves up readily. They are snug in the Stein-schloss by this time."

"The Stein-schloss!" Gretchen blanched. "Holy Mother, what has happened?"

"Why, your vinter and Herr Ludwig were arrested an hour ago, accused of being spies from Jugendheit."

"It is a lie!" cried Gretchen hollowly. She grouped blindly for the door.

"Where are you going, Gretchen?" Frau Bauer inquired anxiously.

"To her highness! She will save him!" Her highness was dreaming. She had fallen into this habit of late. A flame in the fireplace, a cloud in the sky, a dash of rain on the window, all these drew her fancy. What the heart wishes the mind will dream. Sunshine was without, clear, brilliant; shadow was within, mellow, nebulous. But today her dream was short. A maid of honor announced that the young woman Gretchen sought her presence.

"Admit her. She will be a tonic," said Hildegarde.

Gretchen appeared, red-eyed and disheveled. Instantly she flung herself at the feet of the princess.

"Why, Gretchen!"

"They will not let me see him, Highness!" Gretchen choked.

"What has happened, child?"

"They have arrested him as a spy from Jugendheit, and he is innocent. Save him, Highness!"

"How can I save him?"

"He is not a spy."

"That must be proved, Gretchen. I can not go to the Stein-schloss and order them to liberate him." She lifted Gretchen to her feet.

"I have been there, and they will not let me see him. I love him so!"

"I can arrange that for you. I will go with you myself to the prison."

"Thanks, Highness, thanks!" Gretchen was hysterical.

The Stein-schloss had been the feudal keep; now it served as the city prison. Its grim gray stones were battle-scarred and time-worn; a place of deep dungeons, huge bolts and bars, and narrow slits in the stone for windows. The prison was both civil and military, but was patrolled and sentineled by soldiers. The king and his uncle had been given adjoining cells on the ground floor. These cells were dry, and light entered from the modern windows in the wall of the corridor. The princess and her protegee were admitted without objection. The sergeant in charge of that floor even permitted them to go into the corridor unattended.

Voices.

"Hush!" whispered her Highness, pressing Gretchen's arm.

"Ach! Wail, dear nephew, beat your hands upon the bars, curse, waste your breath on stone. Did I not warn you against this very thing when you proposed this mad junket? Well, there are two of us. A fine scandal! They will laugh at us for months to come."

"Woe to the duke for this affront!"

Gretchen started to speak, but the princess quickly put her hand over the goose-girl's mouth.

"Ha! So war is gathering in your veins?"

"I will have revenge for this!"

"Good! Bang—bang! Slash and cut! War is a great invention—on paper. Come, my boy; you were sensible enough when they brought us here Control yourself. Be a king in all the word implies. For my part, I begin to see."

"And what do you see?"

"I see that the duke knows who we are, even if his police do not. He will keep us here a day or two, and then magnanimously liberate us with profuse apologies. We shall be escorted to the frontier with honors. His highness loves a jest too well to let this chance escape. Besides, I see in the glass the fine Italian hand of Herbeck. I have always heard that he was a great statesman. Swallow your wrath, even if your tongue goes down with it."

"Gretchen, Gretchen!" said the king.

Gretchen could stand it no longer. She wrenched herself free from the grasp of the princess, who, with pitying heart, understood all now. Poor unhappy Gretchen!

"Here I am, Leopold!" the goose-girl cried, pressing her body against the bars and thrusting her hands through them.

"The devil!" murmured the man in the other cell.

"You here, Gretchen?" The king covered her hands with passionate kisses.

"Yes, yes! They have made a dreadful mistake. You are no spy from Jugendheit."

"No, Gretchen," said the voice from the next cell. "He is far worse than that. He is the king, Gretchen, the king."

"Uncle!" in anguish.

"Let us have it over with," replied Prince Ludwig sadly.

"The king?" Gretchen laughed shrilly. "What jest is this, Leopold?"

The king, still holding her hands, looked down.

"Leopold?" plaintively.

Still he did not speak, still he averted his head. But God knew that his heart was on the rack.

The princess, remaining in the background, not daring to interfere, felt the smart of tears in her eyes. Ah, the poor tender little goose-girl! The pity of it! This king was a scoundrel.

"Leo, look at me! You are laughing! Why, did we not work together in the vineyards, and did we not plan for the future? Ah, yes! You are a king only to me. I see. But it is a cruel jest, Leopold. Smile at me! Say something!" Gretchen was hanging to the bars now; her body, held in the vise of growing terror, was almost a dead weight.

"Gretchen, forgive me!" despairingly.

"He asks me to forgive him!" dully. "For what?"

"For being a villain! Yes," his voice keen with agony. "I am the king of Jugendheit. But am I less a man for that? Ah, God help me. I have a right to love like other men! Do not doubt me, Gretchen; do not think that I have played with you. I love you better than my crown, better than my honor!"

"Take care, nephew!" came Prince Ludwig's warning. "Some one else is near."

"I care not! Before all the world I would gladly proclaim it. I love her. I swear that I shall never marry, that my heart is breaking! Gretchen, Gretchen! My God, she is falling! Help her!" wildly; and he shook the bars with supernatural strength till his hands were bleeding.

But Gretchen did not answer.

CHAPTER XXI.

Twin Lockets.

Carmichael tramped about his room, restless, uneasy, starting at sounds. Half a dozen times his cigar had gone out, and burned matches lay scattered on the floor. He was waiting for Grumbach and his conferes. Now he looked out of a window, now he spun the leaves of a book, now he sat down, got up and tramped again. Anything but this suspense. A full day! The duel in the Biergarten; the king of Jugendheit and the prince regent in the Stein-schloss; the flight of the ambassador to the palace, more like a madman than one noted for his calm and circumspection; Gretchen carried into the palace in a dead faint, and her highness weeping; the duke in a rage and brought over only after the hardest struggle Carmichael had ever experienced. And deeper, firmer, became his belief and conviction that Grumbach's affair vitally concerned her highness. What blunder had been made? He would soon know. He welcomed the knock on his door. Grumbach came in, carrying under his arm a small bundle. He was pale but serene, like a man who had put his worldly affairs in order.

"Well, Captain, what did his highness say?"

"Where are your companions?"

"They are waiting outside."

"The duke agrees. He will give us an audience at 8:30. I had a time of it!"

"Did you mention my name?"

"No. I went roundabout. I also obtained his promise to say nothing to Herbeck until the interview was over. Again he demurred, but his curiosity saved the day. Now, Hans, the full story."

Grumbach spread out on the bed the contents of the bundle.

"Look at these and tell me what you see, Captain."

Carmichael inspected the little yellow shoes. He then turned them over and over in his hand. He shook out the folds of the little coat and the locket fell on the bed.

"When did you get this?" he cried excitedly. "It is her highness!"

"So it is, Captain; but I have carried it about me all these years."

"What?"

"Yes, Captain. Count von Herbeck is a great statesman, but he made a terrible mistake this time. Listen. As sure as we are in this room together, I believe that she whom we call the princess is not the daughter of the grand duke."

Carmichael sat down on the edge of the bed, numb and without any clear idea where he was. From the stony look on his face, Grumbach might have carried the head of Medusa in his hand. The blood beat into his head with many strange noises. But by and by the world became clearer and brighter till all things took on the rosal tint of dawn.

Free! If she was not a princess she was free, free!

The duke allowed the quartet to remain standing for some time. He strode up and down before them, his eyes straining at the floor, his hands behind his back. He was in fatigue dress and only the star of Ehrenstein glittered on his breast. He was never without this order. All at once he whirled around and as the sailor plunges the lead into the sea, he plumbed the very deeps of their eyes as if he would see beforehand what strange things were at work in their souls.

"I do not recognize any of these persons," he said to Carmichael.

"Your highness does not recognize me, then?" asked the clock-mender. "Come closer," commanded the duke. The clock-mender obeyed. Take off those spectacles." The duke scanned the features, and over his own came the dawn of recollection. "Your eyes, your nose—Arnsberg, here and alive? Oh, this is too good to be true!" The duke reached out toward the bell, but Carmichael interposed. "Your Highness will remember," he warned.

"Ha! So you have trapped me blindly? I begin to understand. Who is this fellow Grumbach? Did I offer immunity to him?"

"I am Hans Breunner, Highness, and I ask for nothing."

"Breunner? Breunner? Hans Breunner, brother of Hermann, and you put yourself into my hands?" The tone developed into a suppressed roar. The duke took hold of Hans by the shoulders and drew him close. "You dog! So you ask for nothing? It shall be given to you. Tomorrow morning I shall have you shot! Hans Breunner! God is good to me this night! Thanks, Herr Carmichael, a thousand thanks! And I need not ask who that damnable scoundrel is who has the black face and heart of a gipsy. When I recollect what I have suffered at your hands! If only the late king were here now my joy would be complete!"

"Your Highness," said Von Arnsberg quietly, "all I have left in the world are these two withered hands, and may God cut them off if I ever wronged you in any act. I am innocent. Those letters purported to have been written by me were forgeries. I could not prove this, so I have been outlawed, with the sentence of death over my head. But tonight I shall leave this palace a free man and you shall ask pardon for the wrong you have done me."

There was no fear in his voice; there was nothing but confidence. The duke glared at the speaker somberly, recalling what Herbeck had often said.

"What you say still remains to be proved. Now, what is at the bottom of all this?" was the demand. "You men have not obtained this interview for the sake of affirming your innocence. Herr Carmichael, here, declared to me on honor that you were in possession of a great secret. Out with it, without any more useless recrimination."

Hans replied not in words but in actions. He crossed the room to the duke's desk and spread out his treasures under the flickering candle light. The duke, with a cry of terror, sprang toward the secret drawer. His first thought was that the shoes and cloak, upon which only his eyes rested now, had been stolen. He straightened. Nothing was missing. He glanced from face to face, from the articles on the desk to those in the drawer. He was overwhelmed. But he steadied himself; it was no moment for physical weakness. Slowly, ignoring everyone, he came back to the desk and fingered the locket. Just then it was exceedingly quiet in the room, save that each man heard the quick breathing of his neighbor. The duke opened the locket, looked long and steadfastly at the portrait, and shut it. Then he went to the drawer again and returned with the counterparts. He laid them side by side. The likeness was perfect in all details.

"Carmichael," he said, "will you please help me? My eyes are growing old. Do I see these things, or do I not? And if I do, which is mine, and what does this signify?" The tremor in his voice was audible.

Grumbach answered. "This, Highness. I took these from the little princess with my own hands. They have never been out of my keeping. Those you have I know nothing about."

The duke rubbed his eyes. "My daughter?"

"The Princess Hildegarde is not your daughter, Highness," said Hans, solemnly.

"Gott!" The duke smote the desk in despair, a despair which wrung the hearts of those who witnessed it. "Herbeck! I must send for Herbeck!"

"Not yet, Highness; later," Grumbach said.

"But if not Hildegarde— I believe I must be growing mad!"

"Patience, your Highness!" said Carmichael.

"Patience!" wearily. "You say patience when my heart is dying inside my breast? Patience? Who, then, is this woman I have called my child?"

"God knows, Highness!" Hans stood bowed before this parental agony.

"But what proof have you that she is not? What proof, I say?"

"Would there be two lockets, Highness?"

"More proof than this will be needed. Produce it. Prolong this agony of doubt not another instant."

"Speak," said Hans to the Gipsy, who was viewing the drama with the nonchalance of a spectator rather than a participant.

"Highness," said the gipsy, bowing, "he speaks truly. He came with us. For fear that the little highness might be recognized as we traveled, we changed her clothes. He took them, together with the locket. One day the soldiers appeared in the distance. We all fled. We lost the little highness, and none of us ever knew what became of her. She wore the costume of my own children.

"We shall produce that in time," said Von Arnsberg.

"Damnable wretch!" said the duke, addressing the gipsy.

The other shrugged. He had been promised immunity; that was all he cared about, unless it was the bag of silver and gold this old clock-mender had given him a few hours gone.

"I am summoning her highness," said the duke, as he struck the bell.

"And, Highness," added Grumbach, "despatch someone for Gretchen, who lives at number 40 the Krumerweg."

"The goose-girl? What does she know? Ah, I remember. She is even now with her highness. I shall send for them both."

Gretchen? Carmichael's bewilderment increased. What place had the goose-girl in this tragedy?

"Now, while we are waiting," resumed the duke, his agitation somewhat under control, "the proof, the definite proof!"

"Her highness stumbled one night," said Hans, "and fell upon the fire. I snatched her back, but not before her left arm was badly burned."

The gipsy nodded. "I saw it, Highness."

And that was why Grumbach went to the military ball with opera glasses! Carmichael was round-eyed. But Gretchen?

"The Princess Hildegarde has no scar upon either arm," continued Grumbach. "I have seen them. They are without a single flaw."

"More than that," reiterated the duke. "That is not enough."

They became silent. Now and then one or the other stirred. The duke never took his eyes off the door through which her highness would enter.

She came in presently, tender with mercy, an arm supporting Gretchen, who was red-eyed and white.

"You sent for us, father?"

How the word pierced the duke's heart! "Yes, my child," he answered; for it mattered not who she was or whither she had come, he had grown to love her.

"I am sorry you sent for Gretchen," said Hildegarde. "She is ill."

Gretchen sighed. To her the faces of the men were indistinct. And, besides, she was without interest, listless, drooped.

"My child, will you roll up your left sleeve?" said the duke.

"My sleeve?" Hildegarde thoughtfully looked round. Roll up her sleeve? What possessed her father?

"Do so at once."

"I cannot roll up this sleeve, father," blushing and a trifle angry at so strange a request.

Hans opened his knife and laid bare her arm. She uttered a little angry cry. "How dare you?" She tried to cover the arm.

"Let me look at it, Hildegarde," requested the duke.

To him she presented her arm, for she now understood that a serious affair was in progress. But there was neither mole nor scar upon the round and lovely arm.

"Why do you do this, father? What is the meaning?"

No one answered; no one had the heart to answer. Without waiting for the duke to bid him continue, Hans unceremoniously ripped open Gretchen's left sleeve. The ragged scar was visible to them all. And while they grouped round the astonished goose-girl they heard her highness cry out with surprise.

"What is this?" she said, pointing to the two pairs of shoes and the two cloaks. She held up the locket, the twin of which hung round her neck. "Where did these come from?"

"My child," the duke answered, unashamed of his tears, "only God knows as yet what it means; but the outward sign testifies to a strange and horrible blunder. The locket you hold in your hand was taken from you when you were an infant. The one you wear round your neck is, according to the statement of one of these men, not genuine."

"And the significance?" She grew tall, and the torn sleeve fell away from her arm.

"That what is done must be all undone. I know you to be brave. Strengthen your heart, then. I stand before you the most wretched man in all this duchy. These men affirm that I am not your father. They say that you are not my daughter."

"And that Gretchen is!" spoke Hans. His conscience was costing everyone something dear.

"I?" Gretchen drew closer to Hildegarde.

The duke studied the portrait of the mother and then the faces of these two girls. Both possessed a resemblance, only it seemed now that Gretchen was nearest to the portrait and Hildegarde nearest to the doubt.

"You say she wore the costume of a gypsy child when you lost her?" said the duke.

"Yes," Von Arnsberg took from under his coat a small bundle which he opened with shaking fingers. He had been in the Krumerweg that afternoon.

"Why, those are mine!" exclaimed Gretchen excitedly.

"You see?" said Von Arnsberg. "Would you not like to be a princess, Gretchen?"

A princess? Gretchen's heart fluttered. A princess? She saw the king shaking the bars of his cell; she heard his voice calling out his love for her. A princess? She laid her head on Hildegarde's shoulder. She was weak, and this was some dream.

"But who, then, am I?" asked Hildegarde. There was no sign of weakness here.

Again there was no answer.

"Tell what you know," said Hans to the gipsy. "Highness, he alone knows the man who brought about all this."

"The archplotter of this damnable conspiracy?" The duke's eyes became alive, his face, his whole body. Every beat of his heart cried out for vengeance. "Who is he? Tell me! Give him to me, man, and all of you shall go free. Give him into these hands. His name!" The duke's hands worked convulsively as if they were already round the throat of this unseen, implacable enemy. He was terrible in this moment.

The gipsy produced a letter. It had to be held carefully, as it was old and tattered. The duke read it. Beyond that it made the original offer it was worthless. The handwriting was palpably disguised. The duke flung the missive to the floor.

"Fool! Is that all you have? Tell me what you know, man, or I shall have you shot in the morning, immunity or no immunity! Quick!"

"Highness," said the gipsy, thoroughly alarmed, "this is how it happened. My band was staying at the time in Dreiberg. We told fortunes and exhibited an Italian puppet-show. The letter came first. I was poor and sometimes desperate. I was to take her away and leave her with strange people."

"Ah!" interrupted the duke, with despairing gesture toward Grumbach, "why did you not leave us all in peace?"

"Highness, a great wrong has been done, and God brought me here to right it."

"You are a brave man," darkly.

"I am in your hands, Highness," sturdily. "In a mad moment I committed a crime. I shall abide by whatever punishment you may inflict."

"Continue," said the duke to the gipsy.

"Well, Highness, I would not accept till I had talked personally with him. He came at last. His face was hidden and his voice muffled. But this I saw; when he gave me the first half of the money. I was certain I should know him again."

"How?"

"By his little finger, Highness."

"His little finger?" Von Arnsberg repeated.

The two women, large eyed and bewildered, clung to each other's hand tensely. These were heart-breaking times. Gretchen's mind, however, absorbed nothing, neither the words nor the picture. Her thoughts revolved round one thing; if she were a princess she could be happy. But the other, from under whose feet all tangible substances seemed to be giving way, she was possessed by two thoughts which surged in her brain like combatants. If not a princess, what was she? If not a princess, she was free. She stole a swift glance at Carmichael, who seemed far removed from the heart of this black business; and had he been looking at her he would have seen the gates opening into Eden.

"What was this little finger like?" asked the duke, shuddering.

"One time it had been cut or mangled."

"The man was tall?"

"Yes, Highness."

The duke silently toyed with the little yellow shoes. Suddenly he laughed; but it was the terrible laughter of a madman. There were death and desolation in it.

"Come, all of you; you, Gretchen, and you, Hildegarde; come Carmichael and you Arnsberg; all of you! Let us go and pay a visit to our good friend, Herbeck!"

To be Continued.

REMOVING PIGS FROM SOWS

It is not a good plan to take all the pigs from the sow unless one or two of them can be turned with her some hours later, to draw the milk she will have at that time, and again, say, after a lapse of 24 hours. The preferred way is to leave about two of the smallest with her for several days, and after that leave only one for two or three days more, by which time the flow of milk will have been so gradually diminished that no injury will result to the sow by keeping them entirely away from her. This extra supply of milk helps also to push the smaller pigs along in growth and put them more nearly on an equality in size with their thriftier mates.

ABANDONED IT

For the Old Fashioned Coffee Was Killing.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table.

"I had been troubled for some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily.

"Some times it would beat fast and at other times very slowly, so that I would hardly be able to work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill it gave me a severe pain.

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be caused by coffee drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum. The change came quickly. I am now glad to say that I am entirely well of the heart trouble and attribute the cure to leaving off cofffe and the use of Postum.

"A number of my friends have abandoned coffee and have taken up with Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if it is boiled long enough, according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage. We have never used any of the old fashioned coffee since Postum was first started in our house."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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It is a positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with GALL STONES, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is necessary.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **FREE** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from GALL STONES. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. **It takes them out and shows them to you.** Sufferers of Stomach Trouble and GALL STONES should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

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Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

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You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to cure.

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The Farmstead

ANIMAL FOOD STUFFS SHOULD BE PALATABLE

By Robert Miller.

How shall feeding stuff be made more palatable? That question is to be answered by me. You must begin very early in the season. You must begin when you are cutting your hay and you must cut it early enough. You should make up your mind that you are doing one of the important duties that is required of the farmer each and every year. If your hay is exposed to a rough, harsh rain, left in an unprotected manner, it will lose in one night half of its value; therefore you should be sure to cut hay at the proper time. Cut it before most people think it is ready, because then it is in proper condition to make good, palatable food for your animals.

It is also important to cure your hay and preserve it in proper form. It has been said that it was necessary that each and every animal should have enough of every kind of food. It does not pay to fill an animal up with a concentrated food. You can place that food on the market and get good cash for it. Your animals should be filled up with rougher foods produced on the farm. Straw is the cheapest and the most valuable of the foods that you grow. I believe there is not one farmer out of every hundred, even of the intelligent farmers, that attaches one-half the value they should to straw. You should take better care of it and feed more of it to your animals.

A lesson I have learned from successful farmers in my own neighborhood has taught me to believe thoroughly that working horses of the heavy class should not receive one mouthful of hay when you have reasonably good straw to feed to them during the whole time they are not working hard; in the winter season. I have tried that myself and have worked perhaps as many horses and as severely during the summer seaon a any farmer in this room. I have 16 horses working on one farm and I can tell you that we are making a deep study of how to get the most work out of them. These horses never get one mouthful of hay in the winter season, but they get good straw, and from the time we cut our oats and barley and wheat I feel more worried to know whether we are going to get that straw into the barn without a rain than I am worried about the curing and saving of my crop of hay. I believe it is of more importance to me. Good straw is more easily digested and a more healthful thing to feed your horses and cattle than hay. I do not want you to think that hay is not valuable when your horses are working.

They do not feed hay to horses in the old country. You can go from one end of Scotland to another and you will see stacks of hay; if you ask them what they are going to do with it they will not tell you they are feeding it to their work horses; they feed them oat, wheat and barley straw. Ask them what they grow it for and they will tell you they feed a little to their hunting horses and some to their driving horses, but they would consider it the next thing to poison to feed it to their heavy horses when they are not working hard; they would rather give them more corn—as they call oats—and less rough feed. I believe if you would copy from them and be more careful to save your straw by shocking your sheaves and making a determined effort each year to put the straw in the barn without letting it be exposed to the rain, we would be making the best use of our feeds that could possibly be made by the farmers of our country at this time.

These same remarks apply to the cattle to a greater extent. The question of feeding horses is a different one. You must have them so that they can work. Your cattle do not get a great deal of exercise, and if you can make straw and the rougher classes of hay more palatable so that they will fill themselves and lie down comfortably each and every night, it should be a great source of satisfaction to any man that takes the proper view of the position in which he is placed as a farmer in this country. There is nothing that gives me more comfort or tends more to make me go to bed at night satisfied than the thought that each and every one of he animals placed under my care have had just as much to eat as they would care for. I do not want them to be satisfied altogether with grain; that is not necessary and it would not be profitable; it would be very unprofitable from a great many standpoints; but I do want them to have a good amount of palatable feed so that they can lie down and chew their cuds through the night and be satisfied until they are fed again in the morning.

Cornstalks, either dry or converted into ensilage, is another very important addition to the rougher foods for cattle. I have a silo and I have filled it every year since I had it until this year. This year I had not very many cattle, and I cut the corn when it was beginning to glaze, just about in the condition we would like to have it for the silo, and I had it shocked up very carefully. I tied the tops of the shocks into a small point, so that should it rain the corn would not get very wet, and I have a splendid supply of feed, and my cows, sheep and horses are glad to eat it. They thoroughly relish it and I believe it makes a splendid food for cattle, horses and sheep if properly mixed and fed to them, so that they will want to eat it up clean. I grind roots and mix them with cut corn and they stand mixed in that way for twelve hours. I take my corn inside. If you leave it outside you will have trouble. I know that some years it is difficult to get your corn dry enough to get it inside. It is most important to get your corn housed as soon as freezes come. It will pay you to go to some trouble to mix up your rough foods and see that they are palatable for your animals.

I believe if a man has some rough feed, such as straw that is not very good, or hay that is not very good, he ought to feed that in the early part of the season. Keep your sweet straw and hay to feed in the latter part of the year. Cornstalks will not be relished by your cattle in the spring. Feed the refuse feed that you have on your farms early in the winter, when the stock will eat almost anything. That good, brisk temperature that we are lucky enough to have in this country of ours will make these feeds good and they will nourish the animals well and make them thrive. In the spring of the year your animals are more dainty and want to have a little better and sweeter food.

As to feeding the cattle outside, I believe it is good for an animal to get the sunshine and a change of temperature every day. An animal that is kept outside all the time will never have tuberculosis, and an animal that is kept inside all the time will in the majority of cases get tuberculosis if the ventilation is not of the most up-to-date kind. You do not want the animals to be too warm. I do not believe in these basement walls that so many of us went to a great deal of trouble and expense to get a number of years ago. You do not find the people putting up that sort of a building now. I believe in having the best ventilation you can get, but do not keep your aimals too warm. We have tried that time after time. I do not believe in tying cattle up. You can feed a lot together in a big run and they will get considerable exercise.

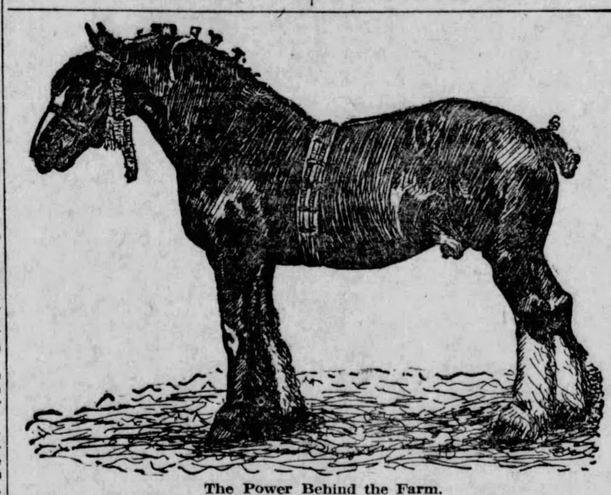
I put the corn in the barn in the fall of the year and I never have any trouble with mice. Well-cured corn is as valuabe as any feed we have. If you put sulphur on your corn it will keep the mice away. Cornstalks make nice butter and good milk. I would not like to say it is better than ensilage; I really do not know. To all horses that are not getting a lot of work I would sooner give good straw than feed hay alone; it is more easily digested. I am speaking more of feeding in the winter season and I would not give much oats anyway. Give him about a half feed of oats twice a day and plenty of good straw. Frozen food is not good for an animal. If you have any smut in your corn that is one of the great causes for abortion.

I do not cut the hay for the horses unless we have hay that is not very good. If you are going to dampen the hay you should cut it and mix it with straw before you feed it to the horse. I do not think a man should feed extra hay to a horse unless he cuts it, dampens it and mixes it with straw. I like to feed turnips. I do not think there is anything much better for horses.

I like stock to walk outside and take a drink. I have scarcely ever gone into a stable where water was constantly standing in front of the cattle but what that water was dirty, and I do not think it is a good thing; and then the animals do not get exercise. If it comes disagreeable weather we don't turn them out, but I think they should be turned out in the air and get cooled off twice a day, weather permitting. I do not believe in letting fat cattle run out too long, but I don't believe there is anything objectionable in turning thme out for a short time each day. I do not believe in tying cattle up. You can feed a lot together in a big run and they will get considerable exercise.

MAKING FEED EASY

If the feeder has plenty of clover, alfalfa, and silage or roots for roughage, with corn, barley, oats or similar feeds to constitute his grain ration, the feeding problem is comparatively simple. With these materials one can furnish variety, succulence, ash ingredients and proper proportion of digestible nutrients at least as cheap and probably cheaper than when one is obliged to use commercial feeding stuffs. Where one or more of these important factors is lacking it is then well to consider the purchase of some of the commercial feeds. It has been shown by experiments, for instance, that hogs fed on corn will make much better gains if fed a small quantity of meat scraps or tankage. The results of experiments also show that the hogs gain enough more not only to pay for the extra feed, but frequently to increase the efficiency of the corn by 10 cents or more per bushel.



The Power Behind the Farm.

One of the great cares of a farmer is how to make use of the vast amount of roughage produced on the farm. Mr. Miller believes, from actual experience, that "good straw is easily digested and a more healthful thing to feed your horses and cattle than hay." This applies to winter feeding, when the work horses are at rest. Try feeding straw and save the hay until work season in spring.

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience which will be the most valuable answers possible:

Will some one kindly inform me how to "put down" cucumbers so they will make their own vinegar and be ready for use?—Mrs. F., Crabtree, Ore.

We raise a great many chickens and it occurs to me that alfalfa would be a good thing to plant in one end of the yard to furnish green food for them. Will some one kindly advise me what fertilizer should be put on the ground, how deep and when to plant, and what quantity to sow to the acre. How long does it take it to come up after it is sown? I would be pleased to have someone answer these questions.—W., Everett, Pa.

We would like to know what is the matter with our mare. In April we found on her right hind leg, above the hock, what we thought was a wound from a kick, and did all we could for it, but it grew worse and seemed like a running sore. Then there came another running sore on the left hind leg. In May the colt came. The mare seemed better for a while, but grew worse later. She eats heartily, but is poor and seems stiff in her hind parts. Can it be milk leg fever? Who will reply?—H., Knoblick, Ky.

Our sheep and lambs are dying. The first symptom of the disease, whatever it is, is a whitish matter running from the nose, then they get very poor and their ankles turn over. They walk that way for a short time and finally die. Will somebody please tell us what is the matter and what to do to save the flock?—W., Lowell, O.

Will some Farmstead reader give a recipe for keeping apple cider sweet?—H., Iveydale, W. Va.

Some time ago I read in the Columns of The Blade that tomatoes should be pruned in order to have them ripen early. Will some reader be good enough to instruct us when and how to prune?—J., Custer, Ohio.

TREATING FENCE POSTS

I am the person who sent the formula of a preparation for treating fence posts to make them more durable. This was some years ago. Some one has requested that it be repeated. Here it is: Get any of several causes, but usually results on an oversupply or a demand for an inferior product. The general tendency now, however, is decidedly in the other direction, and both seed dealers and seed growers can do much by co-operation to further this tendency.

Dealers should not buy by sample no matter how good the samples may be, but should endeavor to limit the supply to seed which he knows was grown from pure and true stock seed and, as far as possible, to that which was subject while growing to his own inspection. Knowledge, experience and care on the part of the grower will also contribute much to a higher standard, and consequently to higher prices and better market conditions generally.

In response to a demand for greater knowledge of the cultural methods which are best adapted to seed crop growing for the vegetables mentioned, the United States department of agriculture has just issued a new publication, Bulletin 184 of the bureau of plant industry, under the title, "The Production of Vegetable Seeds: Sweet Corn, Garden Peas and Beans. This publication discusses this whole subject very thoroughly and gives instructions for securing crops of seeds for these different species.

ABOUT THE PRODUCTION OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

There is profit in raising high grade seed. Seed crops of sweet corn, garden peas and beans of good quality are in ever-increasing demand, and the quantity needed yearly has become so large that the seedman is obliged to have the major portion of his stock grown for him by others. Within the past few years there has been an enormous increase in the quantity of seeds produced for commercial purposes. This has been due in large measure to the development of seed growing and handling as a business.

There are now nearly 1,000 seed firms doing business in the United States. One of the largest of these uses buildings with an aggregate floor space of more than 16 acres. This space is much larger than was occupied by the entire seed trade of the country only 50 years ago. The quality also has vastly improved.

One of the most encouraging developments in the growing of garden vegetables is the increasing recognition of the practical importance of using pure and uniform stocks of seed whose varietal characteristics adapt them to distinct local conditions and market requirements. Another consideration is the fact that the growing of seed crops of these vegetables can be undertaken without any radical change in farm practice or material increase in farm equipment. These conditions make this industry well worth the attention of farmers who are located where soil and climatic conditions are favorable for the best development of such seeds.

However, the raising of these vegetables for seed crops is not recommended for all circumstances, even when soil and climate are suitable. The farmer who contemplates undertaking seed crop farming, will do well to consider thoroughly the many elements which enter into profits. Seedmen are often able to place contracts for growing seed at very low prices—even lower than that at which grain of the species can be sold on the market. Such a condition might be due to

MAKING STALKS HELP CORN TO NOURISH LIVE STOCK

By N. A. Clapp.

Our annual crop represents a market value, as grain, of about $1,300,000,000. If the corn stalks could all be saved at their best, they would represent an added value to the corn crop of about $400,000,000. These look like large sums of money, but the amounts are not exaggerated.

Considering the great value of the corn crop of the country, we can see why great efforts are being made to secure the crop at its best, and retain it in a condition to insure its full value as feed. The wastes in the past have been largely with the fodder.

The value of the corn fodder is not appreciated alike in all parts of the country. Some deem it advisable to hog down the corn not making any effort to save the stalks for feed. In other places the corn is husked on the hill, and afterwards the cattle are turned in to consume the stalks, getting only their partial value as feed, as the frosts have materially injured them. Others cut and shock the corn and feed it stalks and all, letting hogs follow the cattle to pick up the unmasticated kernels of grain that may be found in the droppings. In the northern portions of the country, where both the grain and the stalks are esteemed highly for feed, the corn is cut, shocked and susked by hand the grain stored to be fed in accurately measured quantities and the stalks are stored to be fed as needed through the winter.

Of late years different plans have been devised by which the corn crop can be secured entirely, storing it for use in a manner that is convenient to feed at any time and can be measured out accurately by the feeder. One of the popular plans is to store it in the silo.

When corn is put in the silo it is cut just at the time when the kernels on most of the ears are glazing well and the stalks are still full of juice and in a condition to yield up all the nutrients in them. Running the corn through a cutting box before it is elevated and dropped into the silo, it is in short pieces that can be packed very closely, excluding all the air. Of course the whole mass goes through a process of fermentation yet it is succulent and palatable. It can be measured or weighed out and only such amounts as each of the animals require given them.

Silage is considered the most economical feed for dairy cows and other cattle is raised and stored on the farm. It is all consumed—grain, stalks, butts and leaves are all consumed. By the plan of cutting corn shocking it and husking it in the field, exposing the fodder to the winds and storm after the corn is taken out of the stalks, it is generally estimated that the feeding value of the stalks is injured fully 40 per cent.

One of the objects urged against ensiloing corn is the fact that the whole crop, grain, stalks and all, is run into the silo, not leaving the grain in a condition where it can be utilized to its fullest extent. That the silage represents a feeding value not fully up to what it would be if it could be saved in its green state before being fermented is readily admitted. To remedy some of the difficulties encountered when the corn is ensiloed another scheme has been devised; that of shredding and husking.

By the method of shredding and husking the corn is cut when ripe, set up in shocks and allowed to cure or dry out until it is considered safe to pile the shredded fodder in the barn or stack. By this plan the grain is separated from the stalks and stored by itself, while the stalks and leaves are cut into strips and blown by the machine to the mow or stack, where they can be packed in a small compass ready to feed when needed, and in a fresh, sweet condition.

Among the advantages urged by those who shred the corn I will mention the following:

The stalks can be stored in a small compass and can be fed in just such quantities as each animal will require and can be given to them in the manger, a practice not satisfactory when fed in the bundle. What is not eaten of the stalks is in fine shape for bedding the stock, and is the best absorbent of the liquid manure yet discovered. It is clean and free from dust. The stock will eat considerably more of the stalks after they have been shredded than it can be induced to do while they are whole, thereby making the shredded stalks a more economical feed than the whole stalks.

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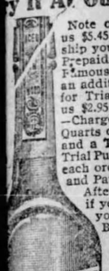

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PUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR

Continued from First Page.

ge. "He's my real hero of poli- says Harding. "I went to the ention that nominated him for dent in 1884, and came back to on wearing a white high hat, h was the emblem of the Blaine paign, and got me into a lot of le. But of all the men who ever there is my real hero." He points small picture on the opposite wall. a carbon print of a celebrated ing—Napoleon at the tomb of erick the Great. "He was the est man who ever lived," says ing, and the visitor notices that is another Napoleon picture too, bearing testimony to the ation for the great Corsican.

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ention of Mrs. Harding suggests a to the Harding home, a short from the office. The way lies a pleasant, brick-paved, shaded , lined with comfortable and at- ive homes set in wide expanses een lawns. "These homes are of the reasons why I am a Re- lican and a protectionist," says ding. "I cannot bear to think of rican workingmen being reduced e condition of the European work- I know what I am talking about, have studied the subject at first on several trips abroad. Mrs. ding and I are great travelers, and ng no children we can go whenever el like it. It is really our prin- diversion. And whenever I go rope, I thank God that I am an rican. Where, for instance, in pe, could a railroad section hand re a home like that?" He points really handsome dwelling, one would do credit to the best resi- e section of any of the big cities. en I came to Marion, the owner at house was carrying water for tion gang on the railroad. He's at head of a $250,000 corporation now, has made every cent of it honest- There's another beautiful home— by a man who used to run a h a few years ago. Here's the place of the town, and I want to see it and meet the owner. He a farmer's boy. Now his house grounds are on the tax duplicate at 0, and that's none too high."

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e Harding home is one of the least entious dwellings in its neighbor- It is a simple frame house, ted green, with buff trimmings. most striking feature is its great, y porch—big enough to live in, used as a living room as long as weather permits. Mrs. Harding s her husband and the visitor at door. The greetings are hardly before two automobiles roll up in , and out of them pop Speaker ley, just nominated for secretary ate; A. L. Garford, of Elyria, and mber of others who are on their back home from the state con- on. They have stopped off to pay respects to the candidate. s. Harding brings out glasses and onated water. "I do not propose any dodging on the liquor ques- in this campaign," says Harding. m not a tectotaler, but I believe mperance and in law enforcement. believe in local self-government. e sentiment of a community, as essed at the polls, is against the n, the saloons should be closed kept closed. If the sentiment of mmunity is the other way, there ground for interference with the ns so long as they obey the laws ded for their regulation. Marion ty voted dry under the existing laws. We fought our campaign here last fall on the question of law enforcement. I took part in it through my newspaper, and we won. If we had not won in that fight and elected city officials who would enforce the laws, the causes that led to the Newark lynching might easily have been duplicated here."

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The visitors content themselves with drinking plain water, and depart, leaving sincere expressions of good will to cheer the candidate. Harding turns to his wife. "Duchess," he says, "are there any waffles?" Mrs. Harding allows there are waffles just being baked and that it would be a good plan to attack them while they are hot. And maybe they weren't good waffles! It is suggested to Mrs. Harding that she could give the greatest possible aid to her husband's candidacy by publishing the recipe for those waffles and getting the women of the state to feed them to their husbands. The gratitude of the aforesaid husbands would result in a landslide to Harding. "My husband doesn't eat anything but a very simple luncheon, such as waffles or creamed toast, or something like that," says Mrs. Harding.

"I have a regular formula for eating waffles," adds Harding, "and I recommend it to everyone. You eat the first 14 waffles without syrup, but with lots of butter. Then you put syrup on the next nine, and the last half-dozen you east just simply swimming in syrup. Eaten that way, waffles never hurt anybody."

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Inside the Harding home bears evidences of the same simple good taste that the exterior shows. It is plainly and substantially furnished, and the only striking feature about the decorations is in the parlor, where seven or eight beautiful marble statues reveal the owner's taste in art. "This is my most expensive fad," says Harding, "I am intensely fond of statuary, and I never go abroad without buying something in this line. Here is one I got in Venice, and although I was not known to the dealer at all, he shipped it over here and paid the duty before sending me a bill. When I got back from Europe I found the box in the back yard." Mrs. Harding shares her husband's delight in beautiful statues, and also his fondnes for automobiling and bridge whist. He owns a powerful motor car, and often drives it himself, although he has his own chauffeur and garage.

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"The Duchess"—that is Harding's pet name for his wife—"is a good business woman," he says, after she had finished posing, rather reluctantly, for a photograph. Mrs. Harding is one of those women to whom the camera never does justice. No photograph can catch the vivacity and good-fellowship that are her greatest charm. She had not faced the lens for ten years, until she did so at my request yesterday. "Mrs. Harding worked with me in the office of the Star for years," continues her husband. "When I first took hold of the paper the circulation was managed by contract. The contractors bought the entire edition and made his own arrangements for distribution. Mrs. Harding, who inherits from her father a keen business head, thought we were not getting enough revenue from the circulation. So I cancelled the contract and put her in charge. The first month showed an increase of $200 in the revenues from that department, and until I went to the legislature, 11 years ago, and took her with me, she was the circulation manager. She keeps an eye on things now occasionally, and sometimes writes something for the paper. I value her judgment highly."

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The candidate goes down to the sidewalk to shake hands with some neighbors. "Oh, I do hope he will be elected," says Mrs. Harding. "I do not say that because he is my husband, but because I know him so well and know what a good governor he would make. If everyone knew him as I do there would be no doubt about it. He may not be the greatest man in the world, although to me he is, but I know that he is a clean man, in every sense of the word. And we do need clean men in public offices, don't we?"

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On the way back to the office Candidate Harding talks about his campaign for the nomination. "I did not have the backing of a single one of the so-called bosses," he says, "and that is the most pleasing feature about it. I do not decry political leaders and leadership, but it is gratifying to feel that this nomination came from the delegates themselves. And what do you think it cost me in dollars and cents?"

Knowing that he is expected to guess low, the visitor suggests "anywhere from $1,000 to $3,000." "You don't get the prize," replies Harding. "It cost less than $500, and that included all of Jennings' expenses in traveling around the state since last January, all the printing, the hotel expenses at Columbus—everything. I didn't buy the nomination, and it wasn't handed to me by any leaders or combination of leaders. I think I have a right to feel a trifle proud of it, under the circumstances."

The talk shifts to reminiscences of the candidate's younger days. He recalls the time when he helped organize a brass band—and played in it, too. "I played every instrument except the slide trombone and the E-flat cornet," he says. Then he tells of the time when he took the band to Findlay to take part in a tournament. They didn't have any uniforms, and they needed them to be permitted to enter the contest. He borrowed the money and bought the uniforms, getting a local merchant to indorse his note. "I was perfectly sure we would win a prize. Some of the band members were not, and did not want to go—tried to back out at the last minute. I had to guarantee one of them his wages for the time we were away, and another was worried about his wife's condition, so I had to engage the best physician in the city to be in constant attendance on her. We entered the contest and won the prize, and I got my money back. If I hadn't won I might never have had the price to buy the Star when it came into the market."

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Back at the Star office we met Dr. George Tyron Harding, the candidate's father. He is a fine type of the old-fashioned family physician still in active practice. For the matter of that, he is a young man, considering that his son is 45, for the doctor is only 66 himself. He married young, just as he was starting out to join the Union army in the last year of the Civil war.

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And what do Harding's neighbors think of him? I talked with perhaps 20 citizens of Marion on this point. I interviewed bankers, merchants, street car conductors, public officials, manufacturers, day laborers and mechanics. The verdict was so unanimous that I inquired whether he had no enemies. "Yes—the fellows that run the speakeasies," said a house painter. And there absolutely was not a trace of any other enmity towards him in his home town. It is not every man who can live in one place for 30 years and have only law-breakers for enemies. I asked for reasons. They came, plenty of them. "He's always been for Marion first, last and all the time," said one man. "He takes the lead in everything for the public good," said another. "He starts things and keeps them going," said another. "He's a clean man and a good fellow, and he doesn't think himself any better than anyone else," said another. I was struck by this repetition of the adjective "clean" as applied to Harding. "He helps people help themselves," said on man. "Every once in a while he runs a series of articles on thrift in his paper. He tells the people they ought to save. If a man gets $9 a week he ought to save $1; if he gets $15 he ought to save $3. He's been preaching that at the people here so long that they've got the habit. I know of 20 men who weren't saving a cent who now own their own homes because of the stimulus his advice gave them. That's the kind of a man he is and the kind of a paper he runs, and Marion is proud of him."

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And that is the truth — Marion IS proud of Warren G. Harding.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

FORT PILLOW FIGHT.

Will you please tell about the engagement at Fort Pillow during the civil war?—C. S. H., Spartansburg, Pa.

Fort Pillow was constructed by the Confederates on the east bank of the Mississippi, about 40 miles above Memphis. The Union fleet bombarded it while on its descent of the river and its attack on the Confederate fleet near Memphis. The Confederates abandoned it and a detachment of United States troops were sent to garrison it. On the 12th of June, 1862, a division of Forrest's cavalry appeared before the fort, and after some hard fighting drove the Union troops from their advanced rifle pits back into the fort, which was attacked, and 1,500 Confederates repulsed, but securing a sheltered position within 100 yards of it. Forrest arrived while the fighting was in progress, and demanded the surrender of the fort, saying that he had a sufficient force to take it, and would not be answerable for consequences should he be compelled to assault. Booth, the commander of the Federals, had been killed, but in his name an hour was asked for consideration. As there were U. S. gunboats in the river, and believing that the request for an hour's consideration was to gain time for reinforcements to arrive, Forrest would give but 30 minutes. When the time was up the bugles sounded the charge, the assault was made, there was a short and severe struggle, many of the garrison were killed in the fort, and those who attempted to escape by the river were shot or, rushing over the bluff into the river, drowned. More than half of the garrison were killed or wounded, a very large portion being killed. About 160 white and 40 colored prisoners were taken. Forrest says in his report of the fight: "The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for 200 yards. The approximate loss was upwards of 500 killed; but few of the officers escaped. There was in the fort a large number of citizens who had fled there to escape the conscript law. Most of them ran into the river and were drowned.

NEW YORK CLIMATE.

Please tell if the state of New York is a good agriculture region or not.—G. W. C., Harmony, W. Va.

The climate of New York state as a whole is continental, but that of Manhattan Island, Long Island and Staten Island is modified by the ocean. The average maximum temperature for the state is 100 degrees, and the minimum is a little below zero. The Adirondack region, north of the highest point, or on the northern slope, is the coldest, having the longest and most severe winters. The mean temperature for January is, in the Adirondacks, 15 degrees; on the coast, 30 degrees, and the western part, 26 degrees. The mean temperature in July, in Adirondacks, is 64 degrees; on the coast, 70 degrees; and in the western part, 72 degrees. There is a plentiful rainfall, averaging in the eastern part about 50 inches, and in the western part about 40 inches. There are very few malarial conditions in the state, and in the Adirondack region there is no tuberculosis.

The soil of two-thirds of the state is suitable for agriculture, only the rocky mountain area and some sand belts are considered so unproductive as not to be classed with agricultural lands. All the other conditions for productive farming exist in a favorable degree.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION

Please give a brief account of the Greely expedition.—E O. S., Reagan, Tenn.

The Greely expedition was undertaken in pursuance of a plan of the International Geographical Congress, for the establishment of circumpolar stations for scientific observation. The appropriation for the expedition was made by congress in March, 1881. Lieut. A. W. Greely was appointed to take command of the party which was composed of three officers of the army, one acting surgeon, and 19 enlisted men. Lieut. Greely received his instructions in April, 1881, and July 7 following sailed from St. Johns, N. F., on the steamship Proteus, taking materials for a house, and stores for 21 months. The station chosen for the party was at the head of Lady Franklin Bay, at about the 80th parallel of north latitude. Here the house was put up, the stores landed, and here, August 18, the Proteus left the party to its Arctic isolation. The station received the name of Fort Conger, and scientific observations were begun and carried on systematically during all the time that the party stayed. The long winter was passed in taking observations, in military drill, and such amusements as the men were able to invent to while away the time. The sun disappeared October 15, and was absent 135 days. As soon as the weather would permit in the spring, the work of geographical exploration was begun. In April, Lieutenant Lockwood and three others made an expedition to the north coast of Greenland, and succeeded in reaching the northernmost point ever reached by man, which they called Lockwood Island, latitude 83 degrees 24½ minutes north, longitude 44 degrees 5 minutes west, on the 13th of May. Vegetation was but scanty in this extreme latitude, but many traces of animal life were found. Several other expeditions were made during the summer. A vessel from home was expected to look for them, but Lady Franklin Bay was clear of ice in midsummer, but none came and by September the hope of relief was given up, and the party settled down to a second long winter in their quarters. This was passed much as the first had been, and in the spring preparations were made to leave their station and retreat southward. An attempt was first made to explore the north coast of Greenland further, and a party started on the ice for that purpose, but was driven back by open water. Two other brief trips were made, one into the interior of Grinnell Land and one to the northwest, and then when the bay had been open for some time, but no sign of relief vessel appearing, the entire party left the camp in their boats, August 9, 1883. They left most of their provisions there, in case they should be obliged to return, and relied mainly for future supplies on what they should find deposited by previous relief expeditions. They found food cached at Baird Inlet, Cape Crocroft and Carl Ritter Bay, and other points. They found the passage through the floating ice both difficult and dangerous. They had to abandon their boats, and were for nearly 30 days adrift on an ice floe. They landed on the north side of Baird Inlet and made their way along the shore to a point near Cape Sabine, where they established a camp and built a rude hut, covering it with an old whaleboat found there and banking it with snow, for they had so little fuel that they dared not use it for anything but to warm their food; and the only light they had was a wick dipped in seal oil. From November 1 the rations were reduced to less than 15 ounces per day, and scanty supplies were eked out by killing a few foxes and ptarmigan from time to time. The long Arctic winter was inexpressibly dreary, though the men made heroic efforts to keep up their cheerfulness. The provisions gave out wholly May 14, and from that date till rescued the party lived upon boiled strips from their sealskin clothing, lichens and shrimps, caught in good weather when they were able to make the exertion of procuring them. As it took 1,300 shrimps to fill a gallon measure the labor required to get them made a poor dependence for food. The relief vessel reached the camp June 22, finding only seven of the members of the expedition alive. The others had all perished of cold, exposure and lack of food.

IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDS.

Give a short history of the iron crown of the Lombards.—F. B., Swarts, Pa.

It is the crown of the ancient Longobardian kings, given by Pope Gregory the Great to Queen Theodolinda, and preserved until 1859 in the Cathedral of Monza. Henry of Luxemburg in 1311, is the first German emperor who is known to have worn it. In 1859 it was removed by the Austrians to Mantua, and afterwards to Vienna, but by the treaty of 1866 it was restored to the Italians. The outer part of the crown consists of a golden hoop, with enamelled flowers and precious stones, in form like an ancient diadem, within which is a thin plate or fillet of iron, which is declared by a tradition long opposed by the church at Milan, but adopted by the congregation "del sacri riti" at Rome, to have been hammered from one of the nails of the true cross; hence the crown is also called il cacro chiodo. When Napoleon I was elected King of Italy in 1805, he took the relic from the tesoro of Monza, where it had remained from the time of Charles IV., and crowned himself with it, disdaining to receive it from the hands of a bishop; and at the same time he founded an order of knighthood, taking its name from the iron crown.

TO MAGNETIZE STEEL.

How many metals can be magnetized and in what way?—J. L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.

Iron and steel are the only substances which exhibit magnetic qualities to any marked degree. Nickel and cobalt are also attracted appreciably by very strong magnets, while bismuth, antimony and a number of other substances are actually repelled instead of attracted, but the effect is very small. For practical purposes iron and steel may be considered as the only magnetic materials.

To restore power to an old or to make a new magnet place the poles of the magnet to be charged against the poles of another, making the opposite poles meet. Then draw a piece of soft iron, placed at right angles upon the magnet to be charged, from the poles to the bend. Do this a number of times on each side of the magnet. If the magnet is a good steel bulb produces a maximum power. This is considered one of the best methods.

ELECTION OF 1884.

Please tell which states voted for Grover Cleveland and which for James G. Blaine in the election of 1884. Give the electoral vote of each state. Please give the popular vote for Blaine and Cleveland in New York, Maine and Indiana, and the total popular vote for each candidate. What principles did the Greenback party advocate in that election?—C. W., Altmar, N. Y.

The following is the electoral vote of the states which voted for Cleveland in the election of 1884: Alabama, 10; Arkansas, 7; Connecticut, 6; Delaware, 3; Florida, 4; Georgia, 12; Indiana, 15; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 8; Mississippi, 9; Missouri, 16; New Jersey, 9; New York, 36; North Carolina, 11; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 13; Virginia, 12, and West Virginia, 6. The electors voting for Blaine were as follows: California, 8; Colorado, 3; Illinois, 22; Iowa, 13; Kansas, 9; Maine, 6; Massachusetts, 14; Michigan, 13; Minnesota, 7; Nebraska, 5; Nevada, 3; New Hampshire, 4; Ohio, 23; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 30; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 4, and Wisconsin, 11. The total electoral vote was Cleveland 219, and Blaine 182.

The popular vote for Cleveland in New York was 563,154, for Blaine, 562,005; in Maine, Cleveland, 52,140, Blaine 73,099; in Indiana, Cleveland 244,990, Blaine 238,463. The total popular vote for Cleveland was 4,914,986, and for Blaine 4,855,011.

The different principles of the Greenback party are too numerous to mention here, so we will give their stand on the greenback question. Their platform says: "We demand the issue of such money in sufficient quantities to supply the actual demands of trade and commerce, in accordance with the increase of population and the development of our industries. We demand substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes, and the prompt payment of the public debt. We want that money which saved our country in time of war and which has given it prosperity and happiness in peace. We condemn the retirement of the fractional currency and the small denominations of greenbacks, and demand their restoration. We demand the issue of the hoards of money now locked up in the United States treasury, by applying them to the payment of the public debt now due."

JACK JOHNSON.

Will you please give a short sketch of Jack Johnson, the champion heavyweight pugilist?—D. D. C., Toneyfork, W. Va.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, on March 31, 1878. He has won the following fights: John Lee, Joe McCormick, Jack McCormick, Bob White, Jim Scanlan, Peter Everett, Frank Childs, George Gardner, Denver E. Martin, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Sam McVey, Sandy Ferguson, Frank Childs, Black Bill, Yg. P. Jackson, Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford, Charlie Haghey, Jim Jeffords, Sailor Burke, Al McNamara and Tommy Burns. He knocked out Charlie Brooks, Horace Miles, George Lawler, Dan Murphy, Ed Johnson, Joe Kennedy, Joe Kennedy, Jack Jeffries, Klondike Joe Butler, Sam McVey, Denver E. Martin, Jim Jeffords, Walter Johnson, Morris Harris, Black Bill, Peter Felix, J. Lang, Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid Cutler, Jim Flynn and Ben Taylor. He won on a foul from Fred Russell and Sandy Ferguson. He lost on a foul from Joe Jeannette. He fought to a draw with Klondyke, Frank Childs, Billy Stift, Hank Griffen, Hank Griffen and Joe Jeannette. He lost in fighting with Joe Choynski and Martin Hart. There was no decision in his fights with Sandy Ferguson, Black Bill, Joe Jeannette, Jack Monroe, Black Bill, Joe Grim, Joe Jeannette, Joe Jeannette and Joe Jeannette. On July 4, he defeated James J. Jeffries in the fifteenth round.

THE HORSE LATITUDES

What are the horse latitudes and give the reason for such a name?—J. V. P., Andrews, N. C.

The horse latitudes is a region of calms in the tropic of cancer, in the Atlantic. They are so called by mariners, because it is said that in colonial times the numerous vessels freighted with horses from New England for the West Indies were often long detained in these dreaded calms, under the burning rays of the sun of these latitudes, causing a great mortality among their living freight.

ERICSSON'S DESTROYER.

Please give a description of Ericsson's Destroyer.—B. M. H., Tahoka, Texas.

Outwardly the Destroyer is simply an unarmored iron-clad vessel with wedgeshaped bow and stern. It is briefly described by the inventor as follows: The Destroyer is an iron vessel 130 feet long, 17 feet wide, 11 feet deep, protected by a wrought iron breast work of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of 16-inch calibre and 30 feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem. The projectile expelled from the marine gun is 25 feet long, its weight being 1,500 pounds, including an explosive charge of 200 pounds of gun cotton. The Destroyer attacks bow on and discharges the projectile at a distance of 300 feet from the ship attacked. The explosion of 300 pounds of gun cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing watertight compartments will be of no avail. It may be added, for the clearer comprehension of those not experts, that the water is prevented from rushing through the gun into the bilge by an outboard valve, opened and closed automatically. The body of the torpedo is of wood, shaped like a huge cigar. The point or dynamite end is made of copper. The initial velocity with which the torpedo leaves the gun is at the rate of 250 miles an hour, or 250 feet a second. With a minimum charge of powder in the gun the projectile traverses the first 300 feet in three seconds. In the experiments made by a naval board two years ago, common cord nettings were used to determine whether there was really any trajectory in the travel of the torpedo. At firing distances of 250 feet the course of the torpedo through the water was in a perfectly straight line. The tide currents had no effect on the course of the torpedo, nor could its course be detected as it traveled through the water. The torpedo is exploded by concussion and is calculated to strike a vessel at any point below the water line. The machinery of the vessel occupies a space less than eight feet square and is entirely below the water line and below the intermediate deck, so that it is impossible for the boat to become disabled from the shots of the enemy. An important feature in the construction of the vessel is an intermediate curved deck, extending from stem to stern and composed of frames, strongly ribbed and perfectly water tight. This intermediate deck sustains a heavy, solid armor plate, placed transversely to the line of the keel 32 feet from the bow, inclined to an angle of 45 degrees and supported on the after side by a wood backing 4½ feet deep at the base. The steering wheel is behind this wood backing. A deck cabin 70 feet long above this intermediate deck affords quarters for the officers and crew. The helmsman occupies a pit in the forward end, from which he not only steers the vessel, but discharges the gun by electric battery upon signal. He watches the vessel's course and the position of the enemy through a small porthole of heavy plate glass and is protected by wrought iron invulnerable iron plate 16 inches in thickness.

GENE STRATTON PORTER

Will you give in your columns a biography of Gene Stratton Porter?—E. M., Peninsula, O.

Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, the author and illustrator, was born in 1868 on a farm in Indiana. She received private education and in 1886 married Charles Darwin Porter. For two years she was editor of the camera department of the Recreation, two years in the natural history staff on the Outing, four years as specialist in natural history on Photographic Times Annual Almanac. At present Mrs. Porter is living at Geneva, Ind.

THE BURR CONSPIRACY.

Will the Question Bureau please give an account of the Burr conspiracy?—T. M., Ransom, Mich.

Both Burr and Hamilton were well known men in politics and a difference having sprung up, Burr challenged Hamilton to a duel, which was fought in Hoboken, July 11, 1804, and Hamilton was killed at the first fire. Immediately upon the close of his term of office as vice president, Burr started on an expedition to the Mississippi valley to work up among the people of that locality his scheme for establishing an independent republic west of the Mississippi. He found a number of citizens and some government officials ready to fall in with his plans and there seems little doubt that for a time James Wilkinson, general-in-chief of the army and governor of Louisiana territory, was inclined favorably toward the scheme. Probably this was because he was not aware of its extent and enormity at first, for, later, he made every effort to thwart the plan, and it was through his information that the attention of the government was called to Burr's plots. In November, 1806, Burr was arrested and summoned before a grand jury at Frankfort, Ky., but no bill was found against him, owing to difficulty in procuring witnesses, and he was released, and his friends celebrated his triumph with a grand ball. But meanwhile President Jackson had commissioned Graham, the secretary of the Orleans territory, to investigate the reports about Burr, and immediately afterward be issued a proclamation against "an unlawful scheme set on foot for invading the Spanish dominions." Graham, securing from legislatures of Ohio and Kentucky the requisite authority, seized a number of boats on the Mushkingum and Ohio rivers which Burr had fitted out for his expedition. Burr, hearing of these seizures, made his escape to the west shore of the Mississippi, but a body of militia was sent, under the President's proclamation, to arrest him. He had previously had all his cases of arms thrown into the river, and there he assumed the pretense of utter innocence of any hostile intentions, demanding that he and all those with him shou'd be searched, and his boats examined for evidence of his revolutionary designs. As nothing of the sort was found a strong sentiment in his favor was aroused. He was brought before the supreme court of the territory but the grand jury not only refused to bring any indictment against him, but presented charges against the government for calling out the militia to arrest him. Burr, now free, resolved to die hard all his followers and leave the country. But before he could accomplish this he was again arrested. An indictment for high treason was found against him by the grand jury of the district of Virginia. He was charged with levying war, by the collection of armed men, within the dominion of Virginia. He was also charged with concocting a scheme for the overthrow of the national authority in the western states and territories. As there was not sufficient evidence against him, however, on his trial, he was acquitted.

STICKY FLY PAPER.

Will the Question Bureau tell how to make sticky fly paper?—W. S. T., Oswego, Ill.

1—Mix equal parts of resin and castor oil with a dash of sugar. 2—Mix ½ lb. glue with ½ cup of molasses; spread on thick paper, leaving a margin for handling. 3—Brush heavy glazed paper with a thin coating of glue; lay and spread on a mixture of 1 oz. castor oil, 3 ozs. resin and tablespoonful of molasses. 4—Heat together 3¼ oz. raw linseed oil, 1 lb. resin and 3½ ozs. molasses; spread on paper while warm.

BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT.

Please give an account of the Brazilian government.—D. C. B., St. Cloud, Fla.

The government of Brazil is a federal republic, very similar to that of the United States. The president and vice president are elected for a term of four years, and cannot be re-elected for the next succeeding term. The congress consists of two houses, the senators, or members of the upper house being elected for a term of nine years, and the deputies or members of the lower house for a term of three years. In internal administration the states are completely independent. The constitution guarantees freedom of religion. The president and congress are elected by practically universal suffrage. Brazil is composed of 20 states and a federal district.

CONSTRUCTION OF RURAL TELEPHONE SYSTEMS

The enormous popularity of the farm telephone is reflected in the sales. The Western Electric company, which makes all the "Bell" telephones, reports that 100,000 of its latest type of rural telephone were sold in the past ten months.

The first step in the organization of a rural telephone system is to talk it up among the neighbors, for the benefits derived from telephone service are proportional to the number and importance of the subscribers to the system. The more people connected by the lines the more valuable and enjoyable is the use of the telephone.

After the idea of uniting to build a telephone line has spread around, the next step is to hold a meeting and if possible, have some speaker who is familiar with the advantages of the telephone make an address. It is usually possible to have some men from near-by places supplied with telephone service, tell of experiences with their system and of the many uses they find for it.

If you and your neighbors decide you want a rural telephone system in your community the next thing to think of is the question of organization. This will be made easy if you chance to have or will send for a copy of the printed form on "How to Organize Rural Telephone Companies," which the Western Electric company is distributing without charge.

Building of Lines.

The building of a telephone line comprises three distinct operations: (1) Constructing the lines; (2) installating the telephone instruments; (3) connecting the telephone instruments to the line. Before arrangements are made for building the telephone line a choice should be made between a grounded system and a metallic system. In the grounded system, only one line wire is necessary, and each of the telephones has one wire connected to ling, and one wire to ground. This system gives good results when properly installed if there are no electric light, power or trolley wires within five or six miles of any part of the line. When power circuits are closer than this there is likely to be much objectionable humming and buzzing in the receivers.

In the metallic system there are two line wires, to which each of the telephones is connected. This is the better system and should be adopted whenever the company can afford it. If the line is built in the neighborhood of electric light, power or trolley wires a metallic system has to be used in order to get quiet lines and clear talking. Its only disadvantage is the cost of the extra wire, brackets, etc. This extra cost, however, is sight, amounting to but $4 or $5 per mile.

For a substantial and economical construction, poles of good stock, such as chestnut or cedar, are best on account of their lasting qualities. For a line of light construction a pole twenty to twenty-five feet in length and five to six inches in diameter at the top represents good practice and allows for resetting when this becomes necessary from decay below hte surface of the ground.

Galvanized iron telephone wire No. 12 B. B. gauge is most suitable for rural lines on account of its toughness and ability to withstand the action of the weather. This wire is not advised on lines over twenty or thirty miles long on account of its resistance to the electric current, causing a perceptible difference in the quality of speech. Copper wire is advisable on long distance lines. The cost of iron wire is far below that of copper, and therefore enables you to put in a perfectly satisfactory system at lowest cost of construction.

Party Lines.

A large number of telephone instruments may be connected on one pair of wires, provided the line is kept free from tree limbs and maintained in good condition. The larger the number of telephones connected, however, the less available they are at certain busy times. At such times it is necessary for each subscriber to be courteous to his neighbor, who may be using, or desiring to use, the telephone at the same time. When the wires become loaded up with a large number of instruments, so that the calls are frequent, and there is still a very good prospect of obtaining additional subscribers, it may be advisable to run another separate line on the same set of poles. When this is done it not only lessens the number of calls on the one wire, but gives better facilities for development and the handling of an increase in the number of subscribers. The rural line systems, which are known as party lines, do not give individual conversation from each instrument, only two parties being able to use the line at the same time; others desiring the line must wait their turn when the talking parties "ring off."

In case two sets of lines are used a small switching station, located in some central house, must then be arranged, so that an operator can connect up the two branches of the system when connection from one to the other is desired; thus, as the system increases, the subscribers' stations are divided off on the new lines, all of which terminate in the switching station or some such central office. If connection is desired with some larger operating company in the vicinity, the lines are either run into the town exchange individually or a single pair of wires, called a "trunk circuit," is extended from the local switching station to the larger central office, the switching station operator handling all the incoming and outgoing calls between the two central stations over the trunk lines.

Improvements in Instruments.

The transmitting and receiving parts of the telephone for farm lines are the same as are furnished in standard long-distance instruments, which enables the farmer to communicate not only in his own vicinity but with the country at large as well, where he arranges for connection with a long-distance company. A recent improvement in the design of this class of telephone instruments has been made necessary on account of the natural curiosity which new subscribers especially are wont to display by listening on the line. Formerly, when several receivers were down at the same time, a party desiring to make a call would find it impossible to ring the call bells of any of the other instruments on the circuit. This trouble is now prevented by introducing a piece of apparatus known as a "condenser" into the circuit of the receiver.

The Cost.

The following table gives approximately the cost of one mile of line, exclusive of poles and labor, usually thirty poles to the mile; also the cost of each subscriber's instrument ready for installation:

330 lbs. No. 12 B. W. G. B. B. galvanized iron wire, in ⅓-mile coils, 165 lbs. per mile	
60 No. 14 iron tie wires	
60 12-inch painted oak brackets	
60 glass insulators	
60 40-penny galvanized iron nails (lower end of bracket)	
60 60-penny galvanized iron nails (upper end of bracket)	
6 galvanized iron line connectors	
Total cost of one mile of line material, on full metallic system, approximately	$14.00
If a grounded or one-wire system is put in the cost per mile of line material would be, approximately	$ 7.00

Material for One Subscriber's Station.

1	Telephone instrument, complete with batteries and strong 5-bar generator
65 ft.	No. 18 twisted pair insulated copper wire (to be run from instrument to line)
20 ft.	No. 19 twisted pair insulated copper wire for inside of building
20 ft.	No. 19 single insulated copper wire
2	copper line connectors
1	hook bracket with screws and insulator
4	porcelain knobs
3	6-16-inch by 10-inch porcelain tubes
1	lightning arrester and protector, complete with fuse
20	cleats, with nails
1	ground rod ½ inch by 5 feet
Total cost of all material for one suburban station, approximately	$13.00

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Every political boss likes to be regarded as a party leader.

The chronic loafer never knows the thrill of a week's vacation.

Political conventions rarely give Providence credit for anything.

If all men thought alike telling political lies would be a waste of energy.

Most of the leaders in a political convention are men of considerable girth.

Bless the babies! Five of 'em are born in the United States every minute.

The British are making as much fuss over the king's oath as if it meant something.

One thing we'd like to see in this country is a larger per capita circulation of cherry pie.

One Ohio woman has been arrested for bootlegging. It cost her $175 for doing what a man could do.

Mother Earth is said to be 70,000,000 years old, and she has never worn but one style of summer bonnet.

There is one mitigating circumstance in favor of the man who rocks a boat. He doesn't know he is a fool.

Dr. Stanley Hall says a girl of 16 has no religion. And the boy of 16? Presumably baseball is his religion.

An Illinois hurricane wrecked seven aeroplanes in one day. The hurricane received no damage worth mentioning.

King George is to get $2,350,000 a year. And there is nobody standing around waiting to beat him out of his job.

When it comes to a question of advice most people are ready to agree that it is more blessed to give than receive.

The average farmer doesn't see any poetry in a field of waving corn. He is usually too busy making hay to notice it.

One continues to read things about King Menelik's improved health. Evidently his latest death was not permanent.

A Connecticut man is suing a wealthy grass widow for trifling with his affections. Some men have no sense of humor.

A New Jersey man didn't talk for 30 years. But that seems like carrying the kind and loving husband act too far.

Grasshoppers are entirely useless, says a scientist. Not entirely. They make a fine summer diet for young turkeys.

A Maine man of 92 years says he caught 93 pickerel in four days. Pretty good story for a man so near the grave.

Senator Aldrich brands Senator Bristow as a liar and he may decide to become a candidate for re-election on that issue.

The doctors who have discovered that drinking water at mealtime is healthful are a little slow. We found that out a long time ago.

Why do college professors find so much fault with women in general? Lots of good women have married college professors.

A St. Louis pastor is going to open a summer school of matrimony. Special instructions should be given in the art of thinking twice.

Mr. Patten says the finances of the country depend upon this year's crop yield, and yet the financiers planted not a single bill of corn.

Seeds spoil the berry and the fuzz puts the peach beyond the possibilities of perfection. If everything was just right there would be no pessimists.

"Every woman looks good to some man," says a writer. It's the old Jack and Jill proposition, a provision of nature to make things generally lovely.

A Pittsburg woman says that colonial dames of the first generation smoked corncob pipes. If they did probably it was because they couldn't get anything better.

James J. Hill declares that business is hampered by politics. And sometimes politicians feel that politics is hampered by business. It is impossible to please everybody at the same time.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican convention at Columbus last week named a ticket which the Republicans of the state can earnestly support.

Warren G. Harding, the gubernatorial nominee, is a citizen of unquestioned integrity and a man of splendid abilities. His long and honorable services in public life, the charm of his personality and his force as a campaigner, mark him as a candidate of unusually strong qualifications.

The remainder of the ticket, including as it does, men of such high character and distinguished service as Treadway and Mooney and Denman, presents a battle line that must gratify the party and impress the whole people.

To the progressive element of the party the platform offers cause both for congratulations and disappointment. The strong reactionary alignment of the resolutions committee and the illogical and absurd selection of Senator Dick as its chairman rob the progressive declarations of much of the force they would otherwise have had.

But once the people of the state come to an understanding of the signal victory that James R. Garfield has won in his splendid fight for progressive principles, once the voters realize that the Garfield platform almost in its entirety was crammed down the throats of a resolutions committee that stood 18 to 3 against the ex-secretary's candidate for the chairmanship, the party's confession of faith will grow in favor and following.

The only important departure from the Garfield draft lies in the tariff plank, and even though the adopted platform in that point attempts a blanket endorsement of the Payne law, it concedes all the progressives had asked when it asserts that the tariff commission must deal with existing inequalities and injustices.

That the ex-secretary's proposed plank far excelled the other in frankness and sincerity there can be no doubt, but the fundamental of the matter—the promise of further revision—is there and the people will find it there.

Taken as a whole, the convention was one of unusual freedom from boss domination.

The rows in which the machine leaders indulged and the cross-purposes under which they struggled left the delegates free to think and act for themselves, and they did it, to good purpose, and when the people face the alternative to support of the Republican ticket—the candidacy of Judson Harmon on the platform of the interests and under the Wall street flag, there should be no question as to where the patriotism of the state will lead its voters in November.

CONSERVATION IN DENMARK

Great forests covered Denmark in the ancient days. Man found that thin crust of iron gathered from the soil and dying vegetation by the heather and deposited at the base of drainage. He cut down the forests to smelt the iron. The western winds brought in the sand. The heather took possession. A half-century ago the heart of Denmark was a desert.

Jacob Riis, in the current issue of the Outlook, tells of the conquest of this desert, a story that stirs one strangely and shames one who ever lets pessimism or cynicism of mankind rule even a little moment. It was a soldier who led this fight for the recovery of the land, Enrico Dalgas, captain of engineers, who, as a road builder through the barrens, conceived the idea of reclamation. He was jeered. He was rebuffed by the state. He formed a little society and went preaching the Danish conservation. Slowly the heather, the vegetation of dry places, and of wild winds and melancholy, was driven back. Valleys were settled, then the hills. Water was brought from the rivers and lime was found to sweeten a sour soil. And ever Captain Dalgas begged and pleaded the planting of trees, he and his society planting millions with their meager funds. The sand dunes were stayed. The great west wind was shut out by hedges. Cattle roamed where the rabbit had had it all alone, houses line the roads; there is a city where the population in Dalgas' boyhood was 21. Now a new society has sprung up, an organization of protest, asking that the last remaining bit of the heath be saved for its picturesqueness. When Dalgas died prince and peasant stood by his coffin, decking it with boughs from the spruce he had been first to plant in Denmark's Sahara.

It is a marvelous lesson in perseverance rewarded. It is a lesson of warning also. Lest we guard our resources, lest we save the forests which protect the land from high winds, torrential streams and the sands of lake and sea, we, too, shall some day need a Captain Enrico Dalgas.

AN UNCEASING WAR.

When the bubonic plague gained a foothold in San Francisco, a campaign against the rats, carriers of disease, was begun. The plague was halted, the last signs of it stamped out and the city declared officially free of a terror which, at one time, threatened not only to deliver San Francisco over to the deadly epidemic, but also to scatter the germs in every direction throughout the country. Yet the war is still continued.

A corps of rat trappers, now grown exceedingly skillful, is maintained in San Francisco. In the month of May 8,561 rates were exterminated by these men. Under the direction of the marine corps experts an inspection of all the premises is made and San Francisco knows today the existence of every dirty cellar, every littered court yard, every spot where rats may find refuge and disease germs develop. It is possible now for the police, at a moment's notice, to proceed against all who disregard the law of cleanliness and lay themselves and their neighbors open to the danger of infection.

It would seem that only in a model village, in a community highly enlightened and capable of doing things in unison, that such a warfare in the cause of health could be carried on. Despite building laws, we know that unsanitary and flimsily constructed houses are erected. In spite of regulations as to electric wiring there is but little lessening of the danger of fire from such a source. Still, it is demonstrated in San Francisco that municipal laws can be made and administered wisely and strictly.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN NEBRASKA

The career of William Jennings Bryan obtained a new record in dramatics at the Nebraska state Democratic convention. Upon a vote as to procedure his strength was tested. Where two years ago he had dominated absolutely, as great and autocratic a czar among his partisans as Nicholas is among his countrymen, he is today only a bosslet, commanding a fast disintegrating following.

It would be foolish, however, to say that Bryan's control of the Democrats in his state is over. The man who could endure two defeats for the presidency and still swing and sway a third convention to his interest is hardly likely to accept the slap delivered recently as a final notice to retire. Bryan has adherents who are delighted to labor in a lost cause. They would vote for him until the cows came home. In the aggregate they are a large force nationally. They will have an influence with the Democrats of Nebraska and while an occasional revolution may rise, Bryan has every chance of recovering power and administering his party's affairs as it pleases him.

BANISHING THE HANDSHAKE.

In Paris, where men kiss one another, or are said to, there is a movement to abolish the shaking of hands. Some one has made a calculation upon the possibilities of exchange in the matter of germs good, bad and indifferent and another scientist, unnamed, has estimated the wasted dynamics, something fearful at a political convention or a meeting of diplomatists gathered for the purpose of cheating one another.

There are many things to be said in favor of this movement. If certain forms of this salutation could be done away with, doubtless the human race would be better off in point of friendliness and good-nature. The hand grasp which recalls the turn one must take in camp at skinning the fish could be abolished without loss. Then there is the flabby hand which one takes firmly and honestly and unexpectedly discovers one has hold of a lump of mush mysteriously capable, after grasping, of springing back into shape like india rubber. The hand that likes to practice lodge grips, that which acts as if you were one of these strength-testing machines, the two finger greeting, the shoulder-high affectation and the patronizing handshake—all these might be banished to the consequent benefit of the world. But they are abuses. The hand can express many emotions, state without words many degrees of friendship or enmity, can give the touch of help without making it seem pity. Civilization is builded upon mutual helpfulness and the hand-shake is its symbol.

A POOR MIRROR.

The stock market sags, but the mills are running at or near their capacity. The prices for securities in Wall street fall away, but a million freight cars are loaded and unloaded every day. There is deep gloom in many a brokerage office, in others there is silence which spells desertion, there is talk of a new financial depression—yet the steel trust reports increased earnings of nearly $11,000,000 in the three months ending with June over the same quarter of 1909.

Undoubtedly there was inflation in the stock market following the recovery of confidence. Quotations were in excess of the natural earning power of many of the stocks. But just as there was too much buoyancy a few months ago there is too much heaviness today. The condition is not warranted by the state of industry, the movement of trade, the promise of still better times, the demand for labor and the purchasing of luxuries. Wall street has seldom before served more poorly to reflect the country. It is no key, no cue. It is purely Wall street.

NOT YET THE HORSELESS AGE

According to the Live Stock Journal the increase in the value of horses in the United States amounted to $350,000,000 last year. The 31,000,000 farm and city horses have a total value of three and a half billion dollars.

For purposes of comparison the Journal presents these statistics upon automobiles, giving each a value of $1,000:

France makes about	50,000 cars
Great Britain	60,000 cars
Germany	25,000 cars
United States	100,000 cars
Total cars for 1910	235,000
Total valuation	$235,000,000

Thus all the cars made in the world this year will not be worth as much as the increase in the value of horses in the United States in 1909. In fact, it is estimated that the 2,000,000 horses in Illinois are worth $256,000,000, which more than covers the world's production of automobiles.

That predicted retirement of the horse is not yet materializing. The city of which Edison likes to talk—one from which the horses are barred because they are not needed and are unsanitary—is still in the dreamed-of future. The valuation indicates how great the demand is and it also shows that there is greater call for high-grade, costly animals.

No matter what the scientists decide in regard to the age of Mother Earth there can be no doubt that she is older than Ann.

Laughter is recommended as a cure for indigestion. It looks easy to the person who is not afflicted with indigestion.

President Taft cannot complain of the Ohio Republican convention. It said some very nice things about him.

It doesn't satisfy the suffragists to have the picture of a woman on our ten-cent pieces.

Look out for a few new diseases. A congress of doctors is in session in London.

Some people pray as if the Lord didn't know his business.

Emperor William is human. He has tried to write poetry.

THE MATTER-OF-FACT PEOPLE.

The stock market and financial newspapers and periodicals comment at length upon the importation of $3,000,000 in gold from Mexico. It is recalled that Brazil, through the sale of coffee and rubber, received $100,000,000 of gold last year. Argentina did so well with her grain and cattle that she was enabled to spare a neighboring country $20,000,000 of her gold. The Wall Street Journal speaks of the Latin-American countries as possible new sources for gold supply.

The old school geographies contained pictures of coffee-fields, a half-naked black and an overseer with a whip furnishing the "human touch." But the text laid emphasis upon the fact that it was in Brazil the great diamond mines were. Quinine and wool and the nitrates came from the west coast of South America, it was told, but the geographies showed trains of llamas skirting about Andean precipices bearing gold from the mines to the coast. South America was claimed and explored and terrorized for its gold and even today there is more than a hint of that exploitation in the customs of politics. The whole impression upon the minds of small pupils was that the continent was made up one part Indians who fished with bow and arrow and three parts precious metals and jewels.

The financial folk are a matter-of-fact lot. They know the true source of riches. When they talk of gold from the Latin-American countries they mention how it got there originally—by the sale of coffee, rubber, grain and meats.

HOME-SEEKERS AND HOME-TRADERS

"Going to Ohio," said the New England emigrant in the rush westward of the early part of the nineteenth century. "Going to the Missouri," said the restless Ohioan a little over a generation later. It was "westward the course of empire," beyond the Alleghanies, then over the Mississippi, the leap to California.

Today the movement of settlement in this country follows no one direction. Completion of the irrigation projects, public and private, is followed by swift building of homes and breaking of land. The opening of Indian reservations attracts hundreds who may have attended drawings at other distributions hundreds of miles away. Canada's appeal caused many thousands to cross the border. These emigrants are now coming back, still hungry for land. Of the returned exiles many are going to the cheap tracts of the southeastern states. That greatest of opportunities is seen at last.

It is not exhaustion of soil or want of markets which is responsible for these latter-day emigration movements. Nor is it mere restlessness, for there is a shrewd speculative interest connected with it. Farmers have taken advantage of the rising prices in tillable land. They have been willing to sell the established farms at good profits and to take their chances with land-lotteries; irrigation openings and the promotions of the railroads. A balance of prices may see the end of what outwardly seems discontent and a love for scurrying about.

A BOSTON EXPERIMENT.

It is within the province of public school teachers to turn sickly pupils from the doors. This is for the protection of the healthy. A school is certainly not a hospital and it is the last place where those with infectious diseases should be admitted. This is the cold, practical view-point.

Boston decided to look at this matter from another position last year. An experiment in benevolence was tried. As tuberculosis is an indoor disease, one that thrives in closed, airless quarters and where the light is shut out, an outdoor school was constructed. There tubercular children were taught while the winds blew freely through the class room, the light was given the freest access, the cold nipped at the little noses or the sun poured in its warmth. Nourishment was provided. There was plenty of clothing for every child and instruction was interrupted frequently for exercise.

The results were altogether admirable. The ravages of tuberculosis were checked. There appeared full, round, red cheeks where there had been hollowness and pallor. The anaemic took on flesh. The dull became brighter. The standing of pupils, it is said, is nowhere better in Boston's schools than among the outdoor pupils.

Gradually the responsibility of the state toward the people increases and gradually enlightenment comes through the good thus gained. But still politicians prattle about the supreme rights of the individual to do as he wishes with himself and his, still they seek to stem that mighty wave of humanity which is the new civilization.

SOME STRETCHING.

The Illinois Central railroad, in a pamphlet distributed among the 40,600 employes, appeals to their loyalty and ask that their combined influence be exerted against regulative legislation.

The Illinois Central was one of the lines that the late E. H. Harriman bagged and employed for his own purposes, which leaned always more to the high finance game than to the construction of great transportation properties. After the ousting of his best friend from the Illinois Central, Harriman placed figureheads in charge, men who did his bidding and saw that the railroad remained as a pawn in the game. Lately, something about the inner working of this company has come out. It was learned that the stockholders had been plundered out of millions of dollars by means of overcharges for repairs, connivance with the repair companies existing among certain officers.

The Illinois Central desires to put a new set of rates in force. The company is striving to overcome the financial obstacles to fair dividends established by the Harriman policy and the looting through repair bills. It would not, of course, say this, but it certainly must constitute items in the franker arguments for higher rates considered at board meetings.

The 40,000 employes are asked to forget their positions as citizens and to back up the Harriman policies and an attempt to make the public pay for thieving within the company. Common-sense will have to stand considerable stretching to bring loyalty and condonance for these practices under the same blanket.

MOTHER EARTH'S YEARS.

Two of the Smithsonian scientists have pried apart the jaws of Mother Earth and announced gravely that she cannot be more than 70,000,000 years old. One fixes his judgment according to the rules and laws of chemistry. The other is said to have reached a conclusion "from a more philosophical point-of-view."

Making the lady out so old is not a very polite piece of business, not to mention the rudeness of exposing her after she had posed for centuries as only 8,000 or so. But the Smithsonian guessers have the advantage in courtesy over the scientists of thirty or forty years ago. Lord Kelvin said in 1862 that the earth was born anywhere from 30,000,000 to 400,000,000 years ago and the chances were she was about 98,000,000. A Frenchman estimated the age of the ocean at 80,000,000 to 90,000,000. One could surmise that he thought the earth herself was no debutante.

To establish the age of the globe is an interesting thing as pure, unutilizable science goes. But, while the papers print the story as news, they don't welcome it. They know that certain profound thinkers will at once sit down and figure out how a terrible mistake has been made. They will write it up and send it in for publication and the editors will spend many weary hours trying to understand why an obscure quotation and an allegory must necessarily confute geology, astronomy and the "philosophical point-of-view" and why, in particular, anyone should get hot under the collar over the subject.

STEALING WAR PLANS.

The arrest of five persons in Germany upon the charge of stealing and selling the naval plans of their country invites cynical comment upon a certain form of patriotism. Germany has done more than any other nation to develop the theft of fortress plans, gun designs and portable military equipment into a fine art. Promotion is assured the army or naval officer who manages a particularly difficult task of the sort. A constant traffic is kept up with adventurers and traitors, with intriguing women and knaves of a miscellaneous character and assortment of adjustable scruples. Doubtless it is in Germany that the highest prices are paid for such stealings. The thing which is unforgivable and immoral when directed to the disadvantage of one's own country is highly patriotic when it is another nation which loses a secret. The criminals, however, are scarcely ever interested in national distinctions. They are firm believers in the doctrine of individualism. So—when they get such a chance as the five Germans got—they steal. And—by chance again—they are either traitors or patriots.

AN EYE UPON THE SEA.

The wireless telegraph has been the eyes of the world for the last few days. It has watched the movements of a man and a woman disguised as a boy while they were entirely unconscious of the watching. It has known the day and the hour when the two are to be arrested while all the time the two have thought they had eluded pursuit. They have been among the few wherever the telegraph reaches and wherever newspapers are published who were ignorant of that which fate had in store for them.

The wireless has saved life at sea. It has organized the agencies for protection against wreck, collision and the accidents of storms and waves. It now becomes a chaser of criminals, the great lens of a microscope which looks down upon the wee crawling creatures upon the slide and notes their every action. At leisure and with easy deliberation, the movements are stayed, the slide is wiped clean.

AIRSHIP INSPECTION.

There is a new job for some bureaucrat in Germany. The minister of public works has taken cognizance of the numerous aerial accidents and he has decided that an official inspectorship must be instituted. No balloon shall go up in the empire unless it has been passed upon by the inspector. No airship shall sail unless its clearance papers have been countersigned by authority. No aeroplane will be permitted to go skimming over the planes unless first it has been viewed and passed.

The idea of inspection is, of course, to provide for safety. In a way the public accepts such an espionage as a guarantee, an assurance that everything is all right. But when is a balloon safe? When it is deflated. Therefore the inspector cannot give his approval until the gas is out and beyond danger of explosion. When is an airship free of all peril to passengers and crew? After it has been wrecked. Let the inspector order the dismounting of the aeronauts and the freeing of the anchor ropes and then stand by until the wind has whipped the dirigible into broken wires and ribbons of silk. When should an aeroplane be flown so that it is dangerous neither to the driver nor to the spectators? The question calls for an Irish answer—when it is dismantled and not a soul about.

We suspect the duties of the German inspector will consist of being as officious as possible and assuming an immensely important air.

The gaekwar of Baroda says "American women are the most beautiful women in the world." It is evident the gaekwar is a wise guy.

The Language of Aquatics.

Philadelphia Times.

A French woman, proud of her limited knowledge of English, and an American woman, proud of her limited knowledge of French, were introduced at an uptown evening company. The French woman insisted on expressing herself in bad English and the American would talk nothing but bad French.

When the guests began to depart they were still at it. At last they arose to go. Here is their watery farewell:

"Reservoir," said the fair American.

"Tanks," responded her new friend.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A CONTRAST IN RICHES

International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 7 Is "Jesus on the Way to Jerusalem," Matt. 19: 1, 2, 13-26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Highland ministers and elders used to examine church members for "marks" to test their worthiness: the present week's study for the Sunday schools is a passage wherein Jesus examines for two "marks"—the childlike heart, and spirit of sacrifice. In connection with the first incident he uttered the familiar and beautiful words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and the second incident is known to scholars as "The Great Refusal"—the case of the young man who refused to surrender his wealth to the poor at the behest of Jesus. The two stories constitute a contract in riches: the way the world looks at life and the way Christ looks at it.

The experiences of Jesus at the moment illustrated his teaching. His life spoke before his lips. He was en route from Galilee to Jerusalem; and he might have claimed what travelers seem to regard as their right—the privilege of being self-engrossed. What shocking stories of selfishness are told by those who have had opportunity to observe travelers! Rightly or wrongly, the impression is abroad in Europe that Americans are the most assertive self-seeking and inconsiderate of all tourists. Note well the Jesus way. He traveled to give, and not to get; to serve and not be served. So we read that on his journey he lavished his life upon all who had need, meeting the multitude in patient sincerity and healing the suffering that were brought to him. Childlike in his ingenuous giving forth of himself, Jesus the best of all rebukes to our calculating sophistication.

The Test of the Children.

"That judgment which children have of you," once said Rev. Dr. James A. Worden, "you may take as a slice of the great judgment day." It is proverbial that dogs and children make few mistakes in their estimate of character. The confidences of childhood are more to be coveted than the congratulations of the great. Posterity has preferred to take Jesus at the estimate of the children rather than at that of the wise and eminent of his time. Mankind would not willingly lose the picture of the gentle Nazarene surrounded by olive-skinned, dark-eyed boys and girls.

There is profund meaning in the familiar fact that Jesus was the friend of children. They drew near to him sure of sympathy: for he had that deep characteristic of the truly great, the childlike heart. And he imparts the same characteristic. His friends all show a like token. Whoever companies with him grows like a child in this respect. Men value the arts and ways of worldly wisdom, intense sophistication is a prominent trait of modern society, but Jesus puts his approval upon simple sincerity. It is hard even for a world which has sat for nineteen centuries at the feet of Jesus to realize this, even as it was for his disciples, who rebuked those bringing children to him. "Yet of such is the kingdom."

The Stream and Its Source.

Yonder flows the river Forth, in Scotland. It is a stream to be forded or dammed or diverted; anybody may seriously affect it at this point. Travel for two hours and you come to the mighty Forth bridge, where the stream flows more than a mile wide. Who now can dam it or turn it or purify it? No truth can be more commonplace than the one which this illustrates. If we mean to do aught with the streams of human life we must begin near the source.

Rather strange, is it not, that the keen interest of the wise and altruistic is enlisted by the Young Men's Christian associations, the college guild houses, the brotherhoods and the other men's movements, while the organized Sunday school work is wonderously neglected by them?

Few comparatively, of the strongest men of the Christian church are identified with the Sunday school. All honor to those who have poured out unstintedly of themselves in this service; and double honor to the legion of everyday men and women who make up the rank and file of Sunday school workers. But is it not an indictment of the sound judgment and clear perception of the religious leaders of the day that so small a number of them really know or care anything about the one organization which holds more of hope for the future than any other?

Social problems are perplexing the church. Let us have common sense enough to begin at the beginning—which is with the children—for their solution. There are signs that at length the Sunday school is coming to its own. Strong and valiant men, like H. Clay Trumbull and B. F. Jacobs, now gone to their reward, have not labored in vain. The child is understood and appreciated and cultivated as never before. It is service to the church, state, the world, when a worthy man or woman undertakes the teaching and shepherding of a Sunday school class. We know, by irrefutable statistics, that most Christians have become such in childhood. If we fix the little ones in loyalty to the ideals of Jesus, society is safe.

An "Angel paused in his onward flight
With a seed of love and truth and right,
And said, "Oh, where can this seed be sown
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown?
To whom can this precious seed be given
That it will bear most fruit for earth and heaven?"

The Savior heard and said, as He smiled,
"Place it at once in the heart of a child."

The angel whispered the blessed truth
To a weary teacher of precious youth.
Her face grew bright with heavenly light
As she led their thoughts in the way of right.

"What Shall I Do?"

If the rich young man had been drilled in a modern Sunday school—pardon anachronism—he would not have entered the gallery of immortals in the unenviable guise which he now wears. He would have understood that the essence of religion, as taught by all the great religions, is self-denial for the sake of spiritual progress. The young man wanted to do something to gain eternal life. He could not grasp the conception of life as a free gift. He wanted to pull himself up to heaven by his own arms. But no man can "do" enough to win all that paradise holds. His notion exalted himself overmuch and undervalued God.

Withal, he was a winsome figure. With the deep spiritual restlessness of youth eager to make the most of himself and to solve the riddle of two worlds, hungry for better soul-food than he had yet tasted, nobly moral—is it any wonder that the heart of Jesus warmed to him? He had lived an exemplary life, conforming to the best standards he knew and there was surely no boastfulness in his frank confession of this.

What he needed, like myriads of conventional, correct living young men and women of our day, was some great transforming passion, born of the spirit of self-sacrifice. It was for him, as the instant diagnosis of Jesus pointed out, to do the high, hard thing; to break the fetters that bound him to his spirit-starving conventionality; to sell his all, for instance, to give the money to the poor. This suggestion of Jesus was not primarily for the sake of the poor, or of the money, but for the sake of the young man. The world needs lives touched with the fires of vicariousness more than it needs dross of gold.

"Preposterous!" instantly cried out all the inbred sentiments of the young man, in response to the counsel of Jesus. Such a stripping of himself of his wealth would mean a descent from his accustomed station in life; it would make him feel like the common rank of people, and all his hereditary aristocracy revolted from such an idea. He would no longer be the model young man, praised and honored, but merely one of the mass of the poor. Of course, he had not peered into the profoundities of life which were in the mind of the Lord, nor had he soared to the heights of the ideals of Jesus. He did not even realize that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Remember, he was still young, and in the neophyte stage treasure in heaven seemed very vague and intangible as compared with the power and liberty which money brings here and now.

A Missed Opportunity.

So great was the consternation of the young man at the radical proposition of Jesus that he failed to catch its real point and climax: "And come, follow me." He was so engrossed, like many other honest seeker since, with the things he would have to give up, that he utterly lost sight of what he would get. Dante pictures this young man as wandering through the Inferno, searching for his lost opportunity. To him had come the supreme occasion: His miserable store of gold so held his eyes that he missed it.

For was not this an invitation to join the apostles? Had not Jesus offered to the young ruler, to whom his affection had gone out, a place among the Twelve? That day he had the chance to become one of the most distinguished group of mortals ever written in fadeless letters on history's pages. Perhaps, as Dr. Peloubet suggests, he might have become the business man of the College, instead of Judas. To think that he might have eternally served and influenced the world as one of the intimates of Jesus, even as John and James and Peter have done; whereas he lives only as a bad example!

We never know what we miss when we turn a deaf ear to the intimations of a higher, diviner life and calling. There are multiplied agencies of Christianity going up and down America calling the choice youth of the colleges to dedicate their lives to the services of Christ. The machinery for securing recruits for the ministry and mission fields was never before so elaborate; yet recruits seem harder to get than ever. The great Edinburg conference made it plain that the call of the hour is not for money, but for life. The story of the Rich Young Ruler is being repeated today; still as of old, to the missing of true riches.

Speculation.

Marriage was a lottery.
Saw it at a glance.
When he faced uncertainty
Didn't take a chance.

Wall street was a gambling game
Full of hidden rocks,
Owing to his rectitude
Never dealt in stocks.

Futures were anathema.
Sure as he was born,
So he never bought or sold
Cotton, wheat or corn.

But despite his principles
And his moral thought
He had quite a "sporty" streak;
Cantaloupes he bought.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

Indian Finds Stolen Money.

Denver Times.

Through clever work on the part of an old Indian scout the government has recovered a package containing a large amount of money which was stolen from the mail route between Albuquerque and James, N. M., a few weeks ago, the location of which had been sought by several postoffice inspectors without success.

The carrier on the route, Elfego Casaus, was suspected of the robbery and arrested. He maintained his innocence, however, and though the inspectors were almost certain of his guilt they were unable to secure a confession.

Acting upon a slight clue, the officers finally determined that the stolen package was hidden in a cornfield located along the route, but they were unable to determine just where.

Then they obtained the services of the Indian scout, who despite the time that had elapsed since the money had been placed in the cornfield, succeeded in finding the tracks of the thief in several places and eventually uncovered the money where it had been buried several feet in the ground.

Was Fiancee of Baron Who Killed Himself

OLGA MENN, affianced to an offspring of the house of Rothschild, is said to be dying in Austria.

Thus reads what is likely to be the final chapter in sorrowful romance of Olga Menn, of Chicago, and the youthful Baron Oskar Rothschild, whose infatuation led him to kill himself in his father's palace in Vienna, July 15, 1909, when his titled father broke their engagement. The romance had its beginning in Chicago, where the Baron Oskar Rothschild, barely 21, stopped on a tour of the globe. His attendant became ill and was taken to a local hospital.

As a lieutenant in the Austrian army the baron had met Surgeon General Rudolph Menn, who, although a resident of Chicago 15 years, still was an officer in the Austrian army. He decided to visit him. There he met the surgeon's daughter. The baron fell desperately in love. He made every effort to propose the same evening, but Miss Menn turned him aside. The following day he called twice and the next night he proposed and was refused. But he persisted and finally gained Miss Menn's word that she would be his if he obtained the consent of his father, Baron Albert Rothschild.

Subsequently Olga Menn and her mother were invited to go to Vienna and be introduced to the elder Baron Rothschild. They sailed within a week in Baron Oskar's company. Before they reached Austria the invitation was recalled. Three days later came the message from Vienna saying the young baron had shot and killed himself the night before in his father's palace.

Varieties

There are seven kinds of 1908 cent. "French briar root" is really hea

John Adams was worth about $

Only one man in 208 is over six foo

Health conditions at Panama con to improve.

The tanning process is hastened by use of formaldehyde.

There are 18 recognized systems wireless telegraphy.

An acre of growing wheat uses 9 of water a month.

Millard Fillmore married twice, added to his wealth each time.

The cotton industry of England ploys many more women than men.

In 300 balloon ascents there is, on an average, one fatal accident.

India ink really comes from China India rubber from South America.

More than four-fifths of the peop London never enter a place of wor

Wild ducks are estimated to fly 90 m an hour; swallows fly rather faster.

Hundreds of bees can hang one to other without tearing away the fi the upper one.

In Russia you must marry before or not at all, and you may marry a five times.

The state tobacco monopoly of Fr made $75,218,855 profit in 1909, or $ more than in 1908.

French mines yielded 37,791,738 m tons of coal last year, 857,374 tons m than the year before.

Rabbit furs have doubled in value s in the last few years, while some a have vadanced 500 per cent.

An apparatus has been patented to vey concrete through pipes by air p sure from a tank to its place of u

A Louisiana man has patented a c bined pickle fork and tongs, the la operated by a ring in the handle.

An improved cover for street manh recently patented, screws into its se so that wagons cannot knock it out.

In Abyssinia the wife is master. husband offends here, she can turn out, for house and furniture are h

It is claimed for a new electrical ing pot for glue that it keeps its tents at a perfectly even temperatu

An Ohioan has patented a device turn automobile lamps with the wh to illuminate the road in rounding ners.

The alloy of cerium and iron, w emits sparks when rubbed, has been troduced in a recently invented lighter.

A recently patented door closer made adjustable, so that it will cl door completely or return it to any sired open angle.

The French navy claims to have tained the sole rights to an inven which will stop leaks in submarines tomatically.

The electrical operation of trains in St. Clair tunnel under the Detroit r has shown great economies as compa with steam.

In certain parts of Mexico the nat hang the nests of a large species of sp in their houses to entrap flies and s small insects.

Doubly secure is claimed to be a safety pin patented by an Illinois which has two points, one each side a central bar.

An acetylene heating stove has b invented in England which is said t explosion proof and to be capable of t perature regulation.

Railroad activity in the northwest the United States is responsible fo great number of daring engineering p jects which are now under way.

A razor hone which has been sys by steel particles filling the pores can made as good as new by washing in drochloric acid and then in water.

New York city householders are pa for killing rats and mice, and the city paying $750 a year for the rodents that fed to the reptiles in Bronx park.

A Glasgow street car company is ing out wheels in which the rims separated from the centers by a num of coiled springs to afford resilien

There are no venomous snakes or be in all of the great Adirondack forest tion, although there are deer in abu ance, eagles, pheasants, bears and b ers.

Beer brewing in Japan dates back 20 years. In 1905 the production not supplied nearly all the home market, sufficed for $601,448 of exports.

Of the 30 drydocks in the world enough to hold battleships of the dr nought type, England and her colo have 10 and the United States nine.

Paper belting, instead of leather made in England, the claim for it is that it is stronger than leather, will stretch and is less subject to clim changes.

A double frying pan, hinged in the ter, has been patented by an Iowa so that two articles can be cooked once and to save space by folding when not in use.

Canada has 29 banks, with about branches. They are practically contr by the Bankers' association, a legal institution with certain definite re tions.

The central banks of England, Fr and Germany are all private ban Each is the sole depository of gov ment funds, and all payments of pu moneys are made through them.

Divorces are becoming more freq in France, an increase of 80 per cent ing reported during the last eight ye There were 12,847 divorces during as compared with 7,157 in 1900.

A stomach telescope, invented by London surgeon and in constant use a hospital in that city, enables a do to see the exact condition of the in interior of a patient's stomach.

The total number of national banks ganized by the government has been of which 2,619 have discontinued ness, leaving in existence 7,123 ba with authorized capital of $902,897,0

A New Yorker has invented a mu wrench provided with detachable jaw, which may be inserted and fa tened with a loop over the head for ing pipes or any other round objects.

A patent has been granted on a ro ing pan for meat which automatic bastes its contents by collecting juices through a percolator and dra ing them in the form of spray.

A new shoe salesman's stool is prov with small mirrors on each side of foot rest, to enable a customer to side views of a shoe he is trying on also to afford a degree of privacy.

Somewhat in line with the electric lighted scarfpin is one devised by French jeweler in which images of mals are made to move by motors p plied with power from a pocket batt

Canada's total railway mileage is as exceeding 30,000. There is one mile railway for every 200 inhabitants, six-tenths of a mile for every 100 sq miles of territory.

Lightning played a curious trick w funeral procession near Limoges, re ly. It struck the church and burned altar cloth. Outside the church a was killed and four bearers of the were knocked down.

After three years of experiments English opticians have perfected a which, mounted on the top of a sub rine periscope tube, enables those in the vessel to see on all sides to distance of eight miles.

The improved conditions of miners of Europe are due to lo mining legislation for the safeg ing of the lives of the workmen this legislation has been the outg of the work of government tes stations.

The Americans have done at ama twice as much in their six ye the first two of which were devote cleaning up, as the French did in 16, though in the circumstances French did marvelously well.

A pendulum clock made in 1652 once owned in Philadelphia, and other, made in Germany in 1646, not long ago doctored by a Yan clockmaker, and is running for months at a time without winding.

One of our consuls in Mexico mated that while American share ers in rubber plantation schemes that country have invested not than $10,000,000, a twentieth of sum would represent the money ployed in actual rubber tree plan and cultivation.

The Subway Telephone Construc Co., of Chicago, has promised to vide that city with a complete a matic telephone system by the first June next year. At first it will only the business district, but will be extended to the residential tions.

Since 1905 only two cases of ye fever have originated on the isth of Panama, and each was carefu without spreading the infection. Quiebra island for suspects from fected ports and a strict quaran has been the method by which from other ports have been kept o

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

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These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2933—Misses' Shirt Waist, with one-piece tucked sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. Fine lawn, batiste or China silk are good materials for this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2994—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or seven-eighths length sleeves. China silk, batiste or lawn will make this a dainty waist when developed. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2347—Child's One-Piece Dress, with Dutch neck and short sleeves. This is a dainty little model for lawn, chambray, challis or gingham. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2846—Child's One-Piece Dress, closing at left side of front and having low neck and elbow sleeves. A pretty design developed in Persian or Victoria lawn, batiste or linen. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

5076—Ladies' Three-Gored Skirt, with flounce and overskirt. Lawn, organdie, silk mull or messaline will develop effectively in this model. 8 sizes—22 to 30.

3088—Ladies' Six-Gored Yoke Skirt, closing at left side of back. This model can be made up prettily in white linen or serge and trimmed with jet buttons. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

3192—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Dotted Swiss with lace and black velvet ribbon to trim was used for this design. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2874—Girls' One-Piece Apron. Any material can be used to make up this apron. 6 sizes—4 to 14 years.

5083—Ladies' Princess Apron. A good model developed in gingham, muslin or cross-barred lawn. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2380—Ladies' Chemise, Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook, or jaconet are adaptable to this garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2487—Ladies' Shirtwaist, in Gibson Style and with Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves. Lawn, linen or madras are best adapted to this model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

5064—Ladies' Waist, Closed at Back, Suitable for Embroidered Flouncing. This is an excellent little model for any of the sheer white materials. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

5075—Girls' Dress—A dainty model for silk, batiste, nainsook or organdie. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3030—Boys' Suit, consisting of a blouse, closing at right side of front, with high neck and rolling collar, or with sailor collar and a removable shield, and knickerbockers. Linen, serge or chambray make up well in this suit. 4 sizes—5 to 11 years.

2820—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, closing with buttons at each side—specially designed for laundering. Gingham, linen, or any wash material will be excellent for this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2831—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box plait at center back seam and tucks at other seams and at center front. This is adaptable to most any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

5085—Girls' and Child's Night Gown. Muslin, cambric or lawn are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2790—Girl's and Child's Rompers, with circular bloomers. Gingham is mostly used to develop this model. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

5060—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with body and front of skirt in one. This charming dress can be easily developed in any of the summer materials. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3125—Misses' Princess Dress, with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. Any of the summer fabrics may be used to advantage in this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

THE HEAVENS IN AUGUST---By PROF. ERIC DOOLITTLE

Shower of Bluish Shooting Stars From August Tenth to Twelfth—Halley's Comet Hardly Visible.

To those who take pleasure in watching the face of the heavens, there are presented this month two events of more than usual interest. First is the shower of August shooting stars, that stream of swiftly moving little bodies through which the earth passes at this time each year. Less striking, but of even more interest to the careful observer, is the brightening of the remarkable variable star, Mira, which is to attain its greatest brilliancy this year on the third of the present month.

Aside from these two rather infrequent phenomena, the observer will find much in the midsummer heavens of the nearest of all the stars in the heavens. At the points marked C a few of the remarkable star clusters are indicated. At N is the Great Nebula of Andromeda and at M the faint ring Nebula of Lyra. The former is a specially satisfactory object in a small telescope or field glass. The vast elongated cloud, with its strong central condensation, is believed to be a great solar system in process of formation, but this far-distant system doubtless contains many thousand times as much material as ages ago made up the similar nebula from which our own sun, with its attendant worlds, was developed.

The Variable Star Mira.

Just east of Aquarius is the constellation of the whale, containing one remarkable object which has excited the wonder and speculations of men for many centuries. This is the remarkable variable star Mira, which may easily be found at any hour after midnight by the help of Fig. 2.

Ordinarily, this star is of about the ninth magnitude, and therefore only visible in the telescope, but at an irregular interval of about 330 days it begins to brighten until it may pour out 1500 times as much light as when faintest. Sometimes, when brightest, it has been of the first magnitude, but usually it remains always somewhat fainter than the North Star. For many weeks it has now been growing brighter. If after having found it the observer will occasionally glance at it at intervals of a few days he will see it remain bright for about two weeks and then rapidly fade away, not to again become visible until next June.

It is probable that this wonderful sun is surrounded by a dense atmosphere of hydrogen, which is upheaved periodically by great disturbances and eruptions in the hot central ball below, but the cause of these eruptions, and especially of their great irregularity in amount and time, is wholly unknown.

Many other stars of the sky are variable, but to a much less degree, so that their study requires much more careful watching. The stars at E and F, Fig. 1, are interesting examples of these; the former hightens suddenly more than one magnitude at an interval of 7 days 4 hours and 14 minutes, and the latter similarly fades away every 2 days 7 hours and 51 minutes. The former is brightest on August 26 at 11 p. m.; the latter is faintest on August 9 at 8 p. m. The fading away of the latter is due to its eclipse by a darker body, but the variation of the former kind of stars is as yet unexplained.

The August Shooting Stars.

If from the 10th to the 12th of the month the observer will watch the constellation Perseus he will every few minutes see one of these bodies appear near the point K, Fig. 1, and dart swiftly outward from this region in any direction across the sky. The shooting stars of this shower are of a bluish color, move with unusual swiftness, and frequently leave streaks, or trails, behind them. They are a stream of particles moving in the patch of the comet of 1862, and are believed to be merely the scattered material of this comet itself. Each particle as it plows through our air is burned up by the friction developed. These particles are all streaming along in their paths in nearly parallel lines; the appearance they present to us of darting outward from a fixed point in the sky is merely the effect of perspective.

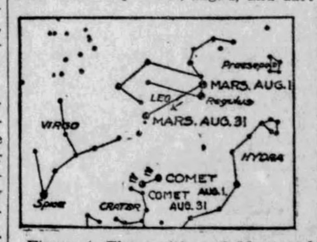

Figure 4—The position of Mars and of the comet during August.

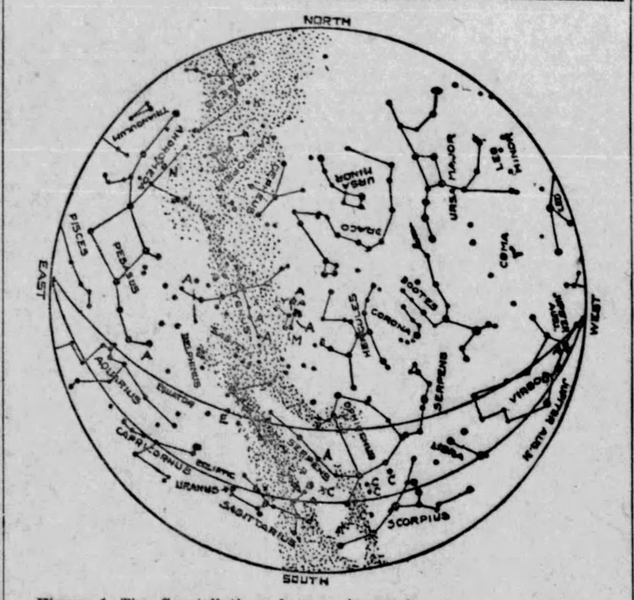

Figure 1—The Constellations 9 p. m. August 1.
(If facing north, hold the map upright. If facing east, hold the point marked east below; if facing west, hold west below; if facing south, hold the map inverted.)

The Planets.

On August 30 Mercury will be at its farthest distance east of the sun, and may be detected shining out low in the sky, almost due west of the observer, for about an hour after sunset.

Mars is also very low down in the west throughout the month, setting a little north of the west point, less than one hour after sunset. It is now much too near the sun to be satisfactorily observed, though it does not pass that body until September 27. Mercury, as it moves outward from behind the sun, will pass within 5 minutes of Mars on August 5; these two bodies, the one red and the other silvery white, would seem almost to touch each other on that date if viewed with the naked eye, but very unfortunately their very close proximity to the sun will render the observation of this most interesting conjunction almost impossible.

The beautiful planet Jupiter is also rapidly drawing out of the evening sky. On August 1 it may be seen in the west exactly below the interesting double star at A, Fig. 1. Its eastward motion is now so rapid that by the end of the month it will almost reach the star at B. Its moons and bright markings may still be well seen in a small telescope, but by next month this most interesting object can no longer be observed. On August 3 at 8 hours 14 minutes p. m. (Eastern time) one of its moons may be seen to disappear behind the planet, and 8 minutes later another moon emerges from transit. Similarly, on August 4 at 7 hours 50 minutes the inner moon emerges from transit, and 1 hour 4 minutes afterward the little, round, black shadow of this moon will be seen to pass off the planet's disc.

The path of the comet during the month is shown in Fig 4. During this time the distance of this body from us increases from 247,000,000 to 303,000,000 of miles. It is now very faint, and only visible in the largest telescopes.

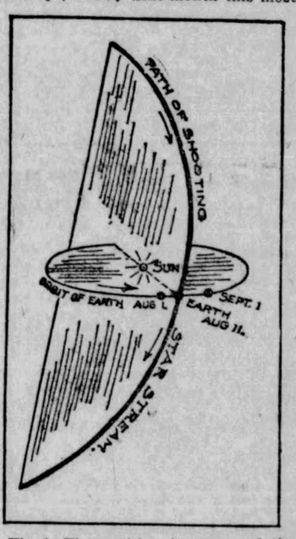

Fig 3—The position in space of the swarm of August shooting stars.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

ROB WHOLESALE JEWELERS

Several Thousand Dollars' Worth of Silverware Is Taken.

Cincinnati, July 30.—A daring robbery, which was committed last night almost within sight of the crowds passing on Vine street, was reported to the police today by Richter & Phillips, wholesale jewelers, Fifth and Vine streets.

The robbers had selected several thousand dollars worth of loot, packed it up, lowered it by a rope into a brilliantly lighted alley, climbed down a ladder made of trunk straps and escaped, leaving as clews a man's handkerchief bearing the initial "J.," a woman's handkerchief with the initial "B," a much smoked pipe and a footprint in the dust outside the transom.

The burglars took only solid silver and gold articles. The firm's loss will amount to thousands of dollars, but an estimate cannot be made until an inventory of the store room is taken.

BROKE, BUT HAPPY, AT 110

Ancient Oysterman Attributes Long Life to "Nothing in Particular."

Norfolk, Va., August 1.—Well, vigorous and able to take a long walk each day is Richard Cooper, an inmate of the Norfolk City home, who says he is 110 years of age. City officials say no has clearly established that he was born in Norfolk county in October, 1800.

Cooper, up to two years ago, was an active oysterman, but sold his home to pay the expenses of the fatal illnes of his wife, and then was forced to become an inmate of the city home.

Except that he always looked to "the Blessed Lord to get him life." Cooper attributes his long life to "nothing in particular." He says he always took his toddy in moderation and smoked whenever he felt like it, always attended to his own business, and never let anything worry him unduly.

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Get the Book

CAREER WAS INSPIRING

John G. Carlisle, Dead, Won by Struggling.

New York, August 1.—John G. Carlisle, former secretary of the treasury in Cleveland's cabinet, who had been critically ill for the last two days, died at his apartments in New York at 10:50 o'clock last night of heart disease, accompanied by oedema of the lungs.

An intestinal complaint of long standing, which wore down his vitality, lay behind the technical fact of heart failure. He was attacked last spring by the same trouble, complicated by an ailment of the kidneys, and for a time was near death. But his remarkable vitality triumphed then, as it seemed it might even in the illness which ended last night.

Mr. Carlisle's career, while not of the kind that will make his name figure prominently in American history, has a peculiar interest for those who are fond of pointing out the great opportunities open to American youth. His life may be divided into four periods, all of which, except the last, are not without a certain amount of lively action and even of dramatic intensity.

Thirty-one years of struggling upward against comparative and at times absolute poverty, eight years of vigorous climbing during which he could see success ahead, 18 years of national prominence and of some considerable celebrity, if not outright fame, and then 12 years of retirement to private life and the practice of law, which was the original ambition of his boyhood—such is the skeleton of the record of his work.

His father was a farmer of Kenton county, Kentucky, and there the future statesman was born, Sept. 5, 1835. The family was large and all of it was required to do the work of the farmer, Thomas included. Early and late, in all seasons of the year, Carlisle, the farm boy, labored uncomplainingly. With his heart set on getting an education, he found that his father had not the means to gratify the son's wish, and this fact, perhaps, only strengthened the boy's desire.

His boyhood's fondest wish was to get an education and become a lawyer. He had as yet no dreams of the legislature, to say nothing of congress, the speakership, and later of the senate and the cabinet of the President. If Carlisle realized all this, it was to be attributed to that boyish ambition to become a lawyer.

DIVIDEND IS SUSPENDED

Atlas Portland Cement Co. Passes.

New York, July 29.—Announcement was made today that the directors of the Atlas Portland Cement Co., which has a capitalization of $12,500,000, have decided to suspend the dividend on its common stock for the present.

The company, which has been paying 8 per cent on its common stock, obtained a contract from the government aggregating many millions of dollars, to furnish cement for the Panama canal.

The company has $11,000,000 in common stock outstanding. The notice which was sent to the stockholders says:

Heavy Expenses.

"In view of extraordinary capital expenditures, both for increase in capacity of production at Northampton, Pa., and Hannibal, Mo., and erection of a new plant at Hudson, N. Y., the board of directors has decided that it is to your interest to suspend dividends for the present, in order that the company itself may care for these extraordinary expenditures, rather than endeavor to finance them in a market where conditions so unfavorable to investment prevail. Accordingly, until further notice, no dividends will be paid on the common stock of this company.

"John R. Maxwell, Jr., Sec'y."

The officials of the company today declined to amplify the foregoing statement in any way.

CALLS LYMAN ABBOTT INFIDEL

Preacher Assails Editor at Des Plaines Camp Meeting.

Chicago, July 29.—Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook, was characterized, as the most harmful infidel in America by Rev. H. C. Morrison yesterday afternoon in a sermon preached at the Des Plaines camp meeting.

"I am not afraid of the blatant infidelity of Tom Paine or Voltaire or of Robert Ingersoll, but I am afraid of the infidelity that masquerades in clerical clothes and in the sanctuary. I believe that that infidel, Lyman Abbott, has done more evil than any other of his kind in America.

"The reason why the workingmen are rejecting the Bible and are no longer in fear of its warnings against sin, why the ten commandments are discounted and the church and the ministry are not respected as they once were is because men like Lyman Abbott have so instilled doubt into the public mind as to the reliability of the Bible as the word of God that the average person has lost faith in its commanding authority."

BRYAN MAY BECOME A TEXAN

Directs That Work of Improving Farm Near Mission Be Pushed.

Mission, Texas, August 1.—William J. Bryan has just given instructions that the work of improving his farm of 160 acres near Mission be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, as he desires to move into his new home with his family this fall. He gives intimation that he intends to make Texas his permanent home. He believes that the Democrats of Texas will do better by him than the treatment which was accorded him by the Democrats of Nebraska.

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RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-64 CHICAGO

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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

$1.50 CASH FREE. Sell 30 pkgs. perfume. We send it free. Keep $1.50; send us $1.50. A. B. WADE, Dept. B JENNINGS, La.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Union Soldiers who homesteaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 25, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jackson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box 314 O. J., Kansas City, Mo.

FITS Epilepsy. Only cure. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $5 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

AN ASTROLOGICAL READING, based on the position of the sun and your ruling planet at the time of birth, containing valuable information pertaining to business, health, friends, enemies, love, marriage, chances, coming events and future prospects. Send ten cents and birthdate. Harrison J. Avers, 331 Fourth st., Toledo, Ohio.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED—Safe, pleasant, permanent home treatment. Physicians astounded. Greatest discovery of century. No risk, no fighting. Full instructions. NI-KO Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

A SECRET FOR WOMEN will be found in our catalog for rubber and toilet necessities. Send 2-cent stamp, Fairbank Supply House, A. N. Wabash, Chicago.

12 BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE POST CARDS, 10c. Low Prices, N. G. Murphy, Mamie, W. Va.

PROTESTS WOMAN ON BALLOT

New Hampshire Attorney General Orders Woman's Name Kept Off.

Concord, N. H., August 1.—Attorney General Edwin G. Eastman has advised Secretary of State Edward I. Pearson that the latter has no legal right to place the name of Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, of Dover, N. H., and Washington, D. C., upon the official ballot to be used at the primary election in this state Sept. 6 as a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. The attorney general says Mrs. Ricker is not a qualified voter in Dover for the purpose of election to be held Sept. 6. Counsel for Mrs. Ricker says he will at once apply to the superior court for a writ of mandamus, directing the secretary of state to place her name upon the ballot. Mrs. Ricker last night refused to discuss the attorney general's action other than to corroborate her counsel's statement.

WILL LOCATE 25,000 STARS

Catalogue of Heavenly Bodies Is Being Prepared.

Washington, August 1.—The first installment of a work which when complete will give the positions of 25,000 stars has just been issued by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the catalogue of the heavenly bodies having been prepared by Dr. Lewis Boss, of the department of meridian astronomy of the institution. In the partial work the locations of 6,188 stars are given.

OHIO PLATFORM IS WARM IN SUPPORT OF PARTY POLICIES

Columbus, July 27.—The Republican platform, which is expected to be a model for use by future Republican state conventions as the expression of the party in the President's own state, opens with a warm endorsement of the chief executive. Senator Dick, who seeks re-election, was not singled out for specific endorsement.

The portions of the platform dealing with the administration, congress, and with the tariff, are in full as follows:

"We, the Republicans of Ohio, in state convention assembled, commend in highest terms the splendid administration of William H. Taft, are proud of the results he has already achieved in his 17 months in office, and pledge him our hearty and united support in his further efforts as chief executive of the nation. We renew our pledge of loyal support given him in 1908, and endorse him for renomination in 1912.

Sugar Frauds.

"Among the many accomplishments of President Taft's administration worthy of special praise are: Prosecution and conviction of those implicated in the sugar frauds against the government and other violators of federal statutes; prompt and successful intervention to prevent arbitrary increases in railroad freight rates; effective enforcement of the law against illegal dealing in stocks; indictment of those involved in the cotton pool, formed to raise the price of one of the necessities of life in every American family; impartial enforcement of the antitrust laws; substantial reduction in government expenses, saving a million dollars a month in the postoffice department with a fair promise of wiping out the annual postal deficit; such remarkable progress in the construction of the Panama canal as insures its early completion; withdrawal from private entry in order to preserve for the public benefit valuable coal and other mineral deposits, timber lands and waterpower sites of over 71,000,000 acres of the public domain.

More Prestige.

"It has strengthened our prestige with foreign nations, and has treated with vigor and wisdom important and delicate international problems. It has dealt justly and liberally with our dependencies. The record of achievement of this administration and Sixty-first congress is unequalled in our history, and guarantees faithful adherence to all the pledges of the last Republican National platform. The election of a Republican congress next November is imperatively necessary to accomplish the entire program of the Taft administration.

Protects Labor.

"The tariff has been revised in accordance with the Republican doctrine of protecting home industries and American labor. It did not raise the rate of duty on a single common food product. The increases made were on luxuries and articles not of ordinary use. It affords no more than adequate protection to the industries of the nation, and is fair alike to consumers, laborers and producers. No tariff bill was more unjustly assailed. It has justified the expectations of its friends by turning a national deficit into a surplus, while at the same time reducing the average rate of all duties. Its maximum and minimum rates have operated to give us for the first time equality of opportunity with other nations in our foreign trade.

"The Republican party through congress and the president have given free trade with the Philippines with such limitations as to sugar and tobacco as will afford protection to domestic industries and has established a customs court.

"Recognizing inequalities due to changing conditions or that otherwise may be found to exist, congres has provided a tariff board, with an ample appropriation, for the investigation of the differences in the cost of production at home and abroad, so that if any rates are found to be higher than necessary to afford labor a high wage and capital a fair return, those rates will be reduced."

Praises Railroad Law.

Praise is given to the railroad law, and a list of congresional achievements is given. The platform continues:

"Our senators and representatives in congress have maintained the highest standard of ability and devotion to duty which have always characterized Ohio's representation in the federal legislature.

For Merchant Marine.

"We favor legislation which will revive our merchant marine; the equal enforcement of all laws, and an adequate national defense, with a navy ample to protect all our interests at home and abroad, while favoring arbitration in the settlement of international disputes; the systematic comprehensive and business-like improvement of our rivers, harbors and waterways, and such amendment of the anti-trust law as final judicial interpretation proves to be necessary for the proper regulation of monopolies.

Commends Congress.

"We commend the action of congress in the creation of a commission to investigate the question of employers' liability laws and workmen's compensation acts and to make recommendations to the President and to the congress. We believe that industrial accidents to workmen should be treated as inevitable accidents to industrial operations, and the compensation therefrom as a part of the cost of production. The experience of other countries demonstrates that this principle can be applied to our industrial condition without increasing the burdens of industry.

"We indorse the principle of conservation of our natural resources and cordially indorse the action of the present congress in enacting and of President Taft in approving legislation along these lines. We refer particularly, first, to the act of congress conferring upon the President express power to withdraw public lands from entry and settlement whenever the public welfare demands, and, second, to the act separating the surface from the coal and authorizing agricultural homestead entries on land heretofore withdrawn from entry or settlement under coal land classification. Under this act millions of acres of the public domain can be entered by homesteaders and limited patent to surface granted reserving the title to the coal in the federal government for future disposition in accordance with law.

Demands Law Enforcement.

"We demand that enforcement of existing laws and the enactment of new laws for the protection, wise use and conservation of the natural resources under the control of the federal government. These resources, such as the coal deposits of Alaska, water power and reservoir sites, should be developed under a system by which any abuses of monopoly can be avoided, extortion from the consumer prevented and just compensation to the public obtained."

In reference to the pensions the platform says:

"We denounce the insincere declaration of the Ohio Democracy in its recent platform in favor of a certain dollar-a-day pension bill alleged to have been introduced in the sixty-sixth congress by an Ohio Democratic member, whereas no such dollar-a-day bill was introduced by him."

It also calls for further generous pension legislation.

"An employers' liability law was passed by the present legislature and a commission was appointed to inquire into a workmen's compensation law. We favor such a law as will be just and fair to all concerned."

Other planks are for:

Limiting the tax rate for all purposes to 10 mills; supervision and regulation of all public utilities by a commission guaranteeing to municipalities the right of home rule and to the people the right to vote direct on the granting of public franchises; legislation for establishing good roads; protection of labor; a state law requiring the publicity of campaign contributions; the ratification of the income tax amendment to the federal constitution; individual punishment for corporate offenses; the calling of a constitutional convention to draft a new state constitution.

CHURCH WAR IS NEAR

Spain Near Rupture With the Vatican.

Madrid, July 29.—Ominous reports are received following the publication of the news that a rupture between the Spanish government and the Vatican appears imminent.

At San Sebastien, Don Jaime, the pretender, has issued a manifesto in which he says that he will lead the Carlists in the battle which he intimates may be coming soon.

It is expected that Premier Canalejas will ask King Alfonso to set the stamp of his approval upon the course that the premier has adopted.

The Vitican has declared that the negotiations looking to a revision of the concordant cannot be continued until the imperial decree permitting non-Catholic societies to display the insignia of public worship has been withdrawn.

Canalejas has responded that he cannot cancel the program which the governor has announced. In some quarters it is believed that the Holy See counts upon the fall of the government.

Canalejas, however, is said to have had the assurance of the king's support at the time he determined upon his plan for religious reforms.

The general situation is complicated by the unrest among the miners in the Cataleonian provinces and the occasional clashes between the Catholic and non-Catholic elements throughout the country.

WEYLER TO SHOW NO MERCY

Threatens Barcelona Revolutionists With Death in Case of Outbreaks.

Paris, August 1.—All danger of serious disturbances in Catalonia appears to have been warded off, says a special correspondent in Barcelona, by Captain General Weyler's energetic precautionary measures and his well-known decision of character.

"The moment a revolutionary outbreak in Barcelona compels me as captain general to assume the supreme command," Gen. Weyler is credited with saying, "I want the revolutionists to know they must prepare for a merciless fight. There will be neither prisoners nor wounded. The hospitals will become useless and the cemeteries will have to be enlarged."

At the same time he assured the strikers and workingmen that they would have nothing to fear while remaining orderly in their disputes with their employers.

Do it Now

Tomorrow A. M. too late. Take a CASCARET at bed time; get up in the morning feeling fine and dandy. No need for *sickness* from *over-eating* and *drinking*. They surely work while you sleep and help nature help you. Millions take them and keep well. 894

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY ON STAGE

Famous Author to Appear in New York Vaudeville.

New York, July 28.—Laura Jean Libbey, the author of When His Love Grew Cold, Lovers Once, But Strangers Now, and more than 50 other similar novels with more than 50 similar other titles, will make her debut on the stage next Monday night in a New York roof garden.

"In the years I have been writing," she explained last night, "I have received thousands of letters from girls through the country asking for personal talks. This opportunity give me ability to answer them. When I was a school girl my teacher told me that one day I should be either a great writer or a great actress. Well, I have been a writer for a good many years. Now I am told that I can act; the time has come to make a trial."

Miss Libbey is Mrs. Van Mater Stillwell in private life. She was born in Brooklyn in 1862.

Figure 2—Map showing the position of the variable star, Mira.

MOODY CERTAIN TO GO

Justice Definitely Decides to Quit Bench.

Magnolia, Miss., July 29.—Associate Justice William H. Moody, of the United States supreme court, has definitely stated that he will announce his retirement from the bench prior to the expiration of the enabling act passed in his behalf by the last congress. This act expires the middle of November.

In order that the President might be relieved of any embarrassment due to conflicting reports of Justice Moody's intentions, it is said that the jurist some time ago informed Mr. Taft of his purpose to quit the bench. The President has twice been at Magnolia to see Justice Moody since he came to Beverly, and on both occasions urged him to take all the time he desired in making up his mind. Justice Moody replied that his decision was irrevocable.

Justice Moody's health is improving, but he feels he will not be strong enough to assume the arduous duties of the coming term, which is to be taken up with the most serious problems that probably ever have been submitted to the tribunal. He will retire in the hope that a complete rest for a while, devoid of all worry as to his future status, may restore him to full strength. President Taft cordially expresses this hope.

The President now faces the responsibility of appointing two associate justices of the supreme court and designating a chief justice.

Advices from Beverly are to the effect that the President has not changed his attitude with respect to the chief justiceship. Governor Hughes still appears to have the field practically to himself.

SHOT FAILS REMINGTON

Member of Gun Making Family Tries Suicide.

Chicago, July 27.—Carver Remington, 60 years old, of the family made famous by the Remington corporations in the making of firearms and typewriters, attempted to kill himself yesterday afternoon by shooting. Financial troubles are believed to have led to the act. He fired a bullet into his left side, barely missing the heart. Dr. C. R. G. Forrester, who is attending him, says the chances of recovery

The attempted suicide tok place in the tailoring establishment of Tanner & Conley, 99 Washington street.

Before firing the shot Remington wrote four letters. One was addressed to his wife at the Ellis hotel, Forty-second street and Ellis avenue; another to his brother, Franklin Remington of the Foundation company, 115 Broadway, New York; a third was addressed to Thomas Conley, 99 Washington street, and the fourth to an undertaking company, in which he gave instructions that he be buried in a $30 coffin.

Remington has been a promoter for several years. Recently he invented an appliance for shutting off gas in pipes at the curbing, and his inability to have the Chicago city council adopt it is thought to have preyed upon his mind.

The letter written by him to the undertakers is:

"Gentlemen—Kindly take charge of my remains and furnish a $30 casket. Have the outside box of fairly good material—not too cheap.

"You can notify my brother, Franklin Remington, 115 Broadway, New York city. He will see that your bill is paid. I have written him and he will communicate with you. My wife is at 4201 Ellis avenue, where we have been making our home since early winter. Very truly yours,

"Carver Remington."

The letter to Mr. Conley reads:

Writes "I Am Just Discouraged.'

"Dear Friend Conley—Pardon me for putting you to so much trouble and annoyance, but I just had to do this act while in the mood.

"Kindly see that the letter to my brother and also the one to my wife are posted. There is nothing in them that will throw any light on my act, so the coroner will have no use for them.

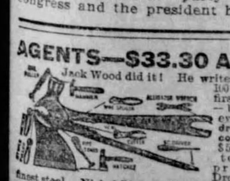
"I am just discouraged, that's all, and there is no use in struggling along further. Please call up Oakland 819 and notify Miss Hill, the lady who runs this house. She will break the news to my wife. The house is known as the Ellis. Thanking you for your kindness, sincerely yours, Carver Remington."

BERNHARDT GREAT GRANDMA

Daughter Born to Granddaughter of Actress.

London, July 30.—Sarah Bernhardt became a great-grandmother yesterday. Mrs. Gross, daughter of her son, Maurice Bernhardt, gave birth to a daughter.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK



Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 50 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." Hundreds of agents coining money—$3.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. Astonishing low prices to agents—1,300 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free. THOMAS MFG. CO., 2278 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

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You Can Get Your Own Clothes At Inside Price to advertise us. Write today and receive exclusive territory. If not interested show it to your friends as this is too good a thing to miss. The biggest chance to make money. REGAL TAILORING CO., 191 Market St. Dept. 225, CHICAGO

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

SIDEWALK SCENES

BY ELIZABETH

OUR STREET is one of the streets in Toledo where there is unending light. When night darkens the sun, the light from many electric lamps comes to take its place, and to sizzle and sputter and cut up freak antics, common to electric lighting. No matter what the hour of night may be, there is always some one in this street, either walking or auto riding. Some go merrily, with jest and song and laughter, careless of disturbing the peace or or disturbing those who may be sleeping. For this, personally, I do not care, since, to me, the sounds of human life are seldom disturbing.

As I said before, in our street, the light is unending. Men sit on street benches after the midnight hour, reading papers or talking. Some one is always coming or going, in spite of the efforts of one in our neighborhood, who goes from corner to corner, as if he were trying to put the street decorously to bed before he seeks his own numbers.

To one corner of the street of ours comes every night, when the weather permits, a man with a pushcart which carries popcorn, peanuts and candies. It is a shop on wheels. Before your very eyes the shopkeeper pops the corn over a flaring flame from gasoline. He puts the corn, when popped, in a paper bag, salts it and butters it with melted butter poured from a teapot.

The butter comes through the paper bag in grease spots and some insist that the butter is butterine, but what does this matter, so long as the popped corn is "good-tasted"? Personally, I know the butterine belief is not true, because this is an honest man.

Besides buttered popcorn, this street vendor has popped corn stuck together with boiled molasses. I like my popcorn with 'lasses, and it is usually this kind I purchase, 'long 'bout 10 o'clock in the evening.

This man I am telling about is some kind of a foreigner from one of the sunny lands. I do not know what is his kind, but this I do know, there is nothing the matter with this man, except that he is an all right one, so far as business honesty is concerned, and it is safe to take business honesty as security for a man's metal.

This foreigner, I know, is honest, and I can prove it herewith and hereby:

Warm, moist weather is bad for popped corn stuck together with molasses. It takes away its freshness and makes it stale and gummy. When this brand of corn is not good, the popcorn man tells me so.

"Him no good," he says. "Weather ver' bad for dis corn."

Then, as a reward of merit, I buy the other.

A few evenings past, when it was hot and damp, after a hot, damp shower, I went to get some sticky corn, but I was warned against it.

"Him ver' bad," my popcorn man told me. "Him no good at all. Ver' bad weather for him. Him ver' bad dis evening," he insisted.

He had a large quantity of this "no good" corn and I asked him what he was going to do with it.

"Can you cook it over?" I inquired.

He shook his head and looked like a shy schoolboy when he leaned forward to whisper confidentially, "I give him to de kids livin' by me. Dey like him ver' much."

I told you this is an all right man and that I could prove it.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

ABOUT OREGON.

While I am about it, I will tell my friends a little more about this part of our great country, and incidentally remark that we are having the driest summer in many years, although the weather is delightful and never excessively hot. We had no rain in May, and only one good rain in June, and none so far in July. Yet, in spite of the dry weather vegetation looks green and thrifty and those vegetables that are frequently cultivated are growing as if they had been irrigated. The farmers who do not cultivate their crops get very little. The weeds take everything. The worst weeds that we have to contend with on new ground are ferns. They grow here from four to eight feet high and on unimproved land they grow so dense that it is with difficulty a person can walk through them. When the first hard frost comes in the fall, they turn yellow and die, only to reappear again the next spring about May 1. When first they come out of the ground they grow about six inches a day for about a week; then they get a nice, large, fan-like top, overshadowing everything beneath them.

A good many farmers here in western Oregon are in the dairy business, others have prune orchards from two to 15 acres. The prunes are picked the latter part of September, hauled to the dryer, which from the outside looks like a good-sized barn. After they are dried, which takes about 24 hours for one lot, they are put in sacks, about 100 pounds in a sack, and hauled to market. Some are afterwards packed in boxes by the wholesale merchants. The farmer here receives about 4 cents per pound for them. Let me tell you right here that you need have no fear of eating these prunes, for everything in and about the dryer is kept neat and clean, no chewing or smoking allowed, and the men handling the prunes wear kid gloves. Now, kind friends, if you don't get tired of my letters, I will some day tell you about my family affairs. What size of family we have and how, after marriage, we started on life's journey. —Mrs. Wm. Reimann, Western Oregon.

The day your letter came I bought a little potted fern, for which I paid 25 cents, and with you they are "pesky" weeds! Look at that, now.—Elizabeth.

A CONTENTED MIND.

May an old reader of The Blade have a little space with you? I have read our Cozy Corner with much pleasure and profit, also the rest of the page. My home is in the mountains of Virginia, and while we do not have much of this world's goods, I try to follow Paul's instruction and be contented. I think the secret of earthly happiness is a contented mind and entire trust in Our Heavenly Father.

Our editor is kind to let us air our opinions in this corner, and here is mine as to heartache and the blasting of our fondest hopes in this life. Our Father knows what is best for us and what we are able to bear, and I am sure I have drank as deep of the cup of disappointment as anyone, but I am still hoping that all things will work out for good. They must, you know, for those who love God. The death of our loved ones is not the hardest trouble to bear. We should know this is the common fate, so let us cheer up and look on the bright side. I am sure it will do us no harm, to say the least.

If I knew I should be welcome, I would tell of my way of doing many things that I do not read of in this corner. Anyway, here is a remedy for that dread trouble, croup: It is just skunk oil, rubbed on the breast and given in one-half teaspoonfuls. Every mother should have a bottle of this. I may come again, sometime.—Cheerful, Virginia.

GOOD TO EAT.

One of our Kansas friends sends these cooking hints, which she calls A Dish of Ripe Tomatoes and Economy Salad Dressing:

For warm weather dinners, a dish of ripe tomatoes from the garden, sliced with vinegar and seasoned with salt, pepper and sugar, is very good. If the vinegar is too sour, dilute it with water before putting in the seasoning.

A salad dressing which is good for such salads as potato, lettuce, cabbage, chicken, ham, beef or salmon, is made this way: One cup of thick cream, either sweet or sour, one-half cup of vinegar. Pour the vinegar in cream, stirring constantly. Season with a salt spoon of pepper, a teaspoon of salt. Let simmer on back of stove for 15 minutes, then it is ready for use.

If you have made an angel cake, you can use the yolks of the eggs to good advantage by beating them light and adding to the dressing just before removing it from the stove. Stir the yolks briskly while adding them to the dressing, and let simmer for a few minutes. By using the yolks of eggs in this way, you need not use hard boiled eggs in salad. When this dressing is for cabbage or lettuce, you should omit the eggs and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. For potato and meat salads, use egg and no sugar. If you have not the yolks left from cake, use hard boiled eggs with the salad.

I have read letters from Ohio and many other states, but none from western Kansas. I will see how you all like this letter before writing more. —Mrs. Montgomery, Kansas.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

In my sleeve, under my hat, men, women and children, I am laughing at you. You think I am helping and teaching you. It is you who are helping and teaching me. The laugh is on you and I am having it. Much obliged.—Elizabeth.

Fifty-Five.—I am more than obliged for your letter. Surely it shall be published.

The weather in Toledo continues to be a "hot spell," but it might be something worse.

Letters just at hand are from The Ole Mayde, Fifty-Five, Western New York and D. M. Presshall. Everybody welcome. In writing to this page, please write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope.

Please remember not to write trouble letters. The more you write, talk and think trouble, the more trouble you are going to have. Come on with your cheer-up letters and beat me at my own game. I dare you. Here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

"PICKED UP" CODFISH

"Picked up" codfish is good. To make: A pint of salt codfish in cold water for several hours, picked into little bits; drain well and add a pint of rich milk. Put on to cook and when scalded stir in one-fourth cup of flour mixed to a smooth paste with one-fourth cup of milk; stir constantly until the boiling point is reached, then let cook over hot water for ten minutes. Just before serving, stir in two eggs, lightly beaten.

WELL, HERE'S HOPING.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Cheer up. It might be worse.

The best kind of match-making is to make matches between husbands and wives who have drifted apart.

The spiritual plane is all very well, but it is not well to travel so far into its rarified region that you have no heart or sympathy for those whose feet are still planted on earth.

Trying to make someone else suffer because someone else has made you suffer, is bad business. Let go of the past, as it has let go of you.

In some form or other everyone of us is crying for the moon. I've taken notice that those who cry long enough usually get the moon they have cried for. Be careful for what you weep. You may be after the wrong moon.

The most difficult problem you have to work out is that of yourself. Yourself you must first understand before you begin to instruct others.

An old saying is that experience is a hard teacher, but it is the best one you can have if you will absorb its teachings.

Many things we do are because we do not think, but having thought, we need not do them again.

Do not study the other fellow so hard, trying to discover his faults, that you forget you may have a fault or two yourself.

Did you ever take notice that the things we resent the most are injuries to self? Most of us are perfectly able to bear with equanimity and calmness the woes of others.

Thank you, if you please, good night and good morning, are handy words to have around loose in the family.

The one who indulges in a chronic grouch will some day find himself or herself left in chronic loneliness. None who is not forced to will come near.

Why not try being pleasant as a steady job? It will not hurt you much.

Whoever you are, or wherever you are—here's hoping.

NOT EASY

August Lippincott's.

Pat was a married man—a very much married man. He had married no fewer than four times, and all his wives were still in the fore. According to Pat's own account before the court, where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences were not altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women.

"Yer Honor," said Pat, apologetically, "I was only tryin' to get a good one, an' it's not aisy!"

HARD KNOCKS

Getting some hard knocks from fate, are you? Well, what of it? It's making a man or a woman of you. Thought you were one before, did you? Well, perhaps you were, according to your own ideas, but some of us are "seeing through a glass darkly" at present.

Just look in the mirror of spirit and find whether you see reflected there the man or woman St. Paul had in mind when he wrote these words: "Hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." If you don't see that sort of reflection, you need all those hard knocks, don't you?

The Indian youth is taught by a course of agonizing tortures to be indifferent to pain, and some of the Arctic fathers throw their babies into the cold snow to toughen them. I often think the Lord tries something the same sort of treatment in His children. Cannot we grownups be as good stoics as little Indian boys?

The truth is, many of us would be leaners one way or another if we could, clinging vines, running wild and hanging hold of every crooked, rotten stick of circumstance or opinion that we could reach. The Lord pulls the rotten stick away and down we tumble. If we are going to be clinging vines, the Lord wants us to fasten our tendrils upon Him. But before He gets through with us, we have to grow a good stout stalk of our own and stand upright, whether we will or no.—Jessie L. Bronson in August Nautilus.

FROM THE CHILDREN

This is children's day on the household page. Every little while I am going to give the children a good showing because I have so many letters from them, I don't know what else to do. Children, take notice. I want you to write the best possible sort of letters to this page, and try to make them different from the ones you see in print. If you all write the same kind of a letter they will not be interesting very long. Try not to imitate. It is the different ones which are most likely to be printed. Do something different. — Yours truly, Elizabeth.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl eleven years old. I live on a farm in northwestern Nebraska, near the Sioux recervation. My papa had Indians to help pick up potatoes last fall. This summer when my grandma and her little son, and my aunt and her daughter were here visiting, we and one of our neighbors went to Pine Ridge Agency to visit the boarding school where we saw about 200 Indian children eating dinner. We saw one Indian boy with a ball and chain fastened to his ankle. That was because he ran away from school so much.

We went from there to the Catholic Mission. There we saw many more Indian children. They all seemed to be very busy. Some were washing, some were ironing, some darning stockings, some practicing pieces on the piano and others were sewing. In one room we saw over 200 beds. I would not like to make the beds in that house.

By this time we had looked all over the building, so we went out and sat down in the shade to rest. Then my brother Hilbert, cousin Grace and Uncle Eddie and I thought we would go to the graveyard. There we saw about 75 Indian graves.

Now I'll tell you a joke on Uncle Eddie. He is the youngest one of us. He has very light hair and blue eyes, and so we call him our gray headed uncle.—Lila Robins, Nebraska.

Dear Blade—I am a little girl 10 years of age. I am spending my vacation at my grandfather's. There is a brook a little way from the house called Indian Brook. I take off my shoes and stockings and wade in it The brook empties into the Wild Ammanoosuc river on grandpa's farm. I have for pets three cows, a calf named Lou Dillon, a pig named Darkie, a kitty named Snip, and a horse named Dick. My grandma has 20 chickens and 18 hens. When I am at home I go to the Congregational Sunday school and I get the Wellspring paper. Down to grandpa's I go to the Baptist Sunday school and get the Little Learners' paper and The Girl's Companion. — Your friend, Myrtie E. Comnery, New Hampshire.

Dear Boys and Girls who read The Blade—I am a girl 12 years old and I am five feet in height, weigh 87 pounds, have brown hair, brown eyes and light complexion. Don't you think I am a beauty? For pets I have a cat which I call Tom, and some chickens. I had a little birdie whose name was Dickie, but he died. My father was a soldier. He is 74 years old. My mother is dead and all of my sisters. I have two brothers. I do all of our washing and housework. I raise a big garden and take care of a good many chickens, so you see I do not have much time to go to school, but I went some last winter. I had better bring my scribbling to an end. I cannot write very well, but if I see my letter in print, I may come again. With best wishes to the children, I will sign the name my brother calls me—Kittie, West Virginia.

Dear Kitty—Thank you for the pretty postcard. I will see what I can do for you about the poetry.—Elizabeth.

Dear Children—I am a little boy 11 years old and I live in Milford, Indiana, but I have come to my grandmother's home to stay during the summer. Grandmother takes The Blade and I like to read the children's letters, so I thought I would send in one myself, for I know I shall be very glad to see my name in print.

At home I have one brother, Frank, who is 5 years old. My father is a hardware dealer and I like very much to be at the store.

Perhaps you little boys and girls never heard of Milford, because there are only about 1,000 people there.

As this is my first letter to The Blade I will close.—Yours truly, Cleon Scott, Indiana.

—From Our Dumb Animals

A DALTON, OHIO, GIRL AND HER PETS.

Dear Blade—Will you allow an Allen county boy to enter your page? I am 14 years old, and I am five feet six inches tall and weigh about 140 pounds. I am one of the subscribers of The Blade. I like it very much. I broke my left arm about two months ago. I live on a farm of 20 acres, and we have about 175 chickens, little and big, altogether.

I live in Allen county, but I get my mail in Hardin county, as Ada is our nearest postoffice. President Taft was in Ada the third of June, to give the graduating class of the Ohio Northern university an address, but I didn't go on account of my arm being broken. My father is dead. He died when I was a little over two years old. He was in the civil war. My mother is living. She is 58 years old and draws a pension of $12 a month. I draw $2 a month. I have five brothers and two sisters living. The oldest of my brothers is 40 years old, and my oldest sister is 26. Two sisters and two brothers are dead. I am the youngest one of the family.—Alonzo S. Fleming, Ohio.

Dear Boys and Girls—My father has been taking the Toledo Blade for several years and I enjoy reading it very much. The letters that are in it are all very good and I like to read them. I live in the state of Missouri. My brother and I go to school. The school house is about three miles from our house. It has the name of Eldorado school. I have two brothers and one sister at home now.

As this is my first visit to The Blade, I will close and let some one else have a chance. I will sign my full name.—Delpha Bernetta Ray, Missouri.

Dear Blade—I am a girl 12 years old, and I enjoy reading the children's letters in The Blade, but I do not see as many as I used to. I wrote once before, but did not see it in print. We have a new baby girl. She is just three weeks old. We named her Elizabeth. I have five sisters and no brothers. Don't you think she might have been a boy? If I see this in print, I will write again.—Just Me, Oregon.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G R.'s—I have been a subscriber to the good Blade for a good many years. I get up from two to three clubs each year, and have for several years. Our Blade most always comes on Friday about 10 o'clock in the morning. Once in awhile it comes on Thursday. I always turn to the Household Page and read the Cozy Corner letters, the M. G. R. letters and the children's letter. Wife and I think they are so nice and interesting. Through them we hear from all parts of the country. As I never saw one from near North Star, Ohio, I thought I would write, if I would be welcomed in your happy band. I have often thought I would, but this is the first letter I have ever written to the M. G. R. If I see this in print I shall come again some time, and give you a description of the country round North Star, and of myself.

In The Blade, dated July 14, 1910, in the M. G. R., was a descriptive letter, written by one of the members. It was a true description of Sharpsburg. We have been there three or four times myself. I live a few miles from Sharpsburg and we enjoyed the letter so well. "Indiana Bean-Eater," please come again.

I shall be 63 years old at my next birthday, October 24, if God permits me to live till then. I do believe my letter is long enough, so I will ring off with a good-bye to you all.—John Friend, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have been reading your letters with great interest, and I thought I would ask admittance. I love to read the letters, and I think the motto is fine. It is one that every person should live up. I wish I know you all, personally. I only hope I may some time meet and know some of you.

Only a girl, Michigan, I think your letter was splendid. I would like to join you in some of your imaginary trips, if it were not impossible. I will make my letter short, as this is the second time I have written, and I am almost discouraged. However, if I see this in print I may come again. With best wishes to all—Adorena, West Virginia.

I wish to enter this happy circle. I am a girl 17 years old. I am tall and slim, and have brown eyes and a dark complexion. Girls, I will tell you where I am while I am writing. I am in the hay field with my paper and pencil, and I am writing at spare times, or when some one is here to take my place. Well, you will wonder what I am doing. I have been riding the hayrick horse. Funny, isn't it? Girls, I am a boy out and out. I have no mother or sister and I take pleasure in going wherever my brother goes. Our father is dead, too. Our aunt stays with us and takes The Blade. My brother owns the farm we live on. It is a farm of 600 acres, and it is called Pleasant Hill.

I will tell you about our ride we had yesterday evening. We went by the way of Beauty Lane to Sunshine Creek. Beauty Lane is shady all the way. There are all kinds of wild flowers growing there, and squirrels and rabbits play by the roadside. My brother caught a squirrel for me to pet.

I play ball in a league team. We play against the men folks one evening a week. The name of our league is the American Bloomer Girls. Now you will say, "tomboy." It is all right if you want to call me that. I help do all the farm work that brother does, and I love to be out; when our work is done, then we have a jolly ride in our auto. Well, this is all for this time. With best wishes.—Brown Eyes, Ohio.

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have thought for some time of writing to you, but as you had so many merry writers, I decided that they would perhaps do me more good than I would do them, but when I read the letter from Clyde, of Alabama, I just had to say a few words to endorse her good advice.

The only way to enjoy life and to make those around you enjoy it also, is to look on the bright side of things. There is always a silver lining to every cloud, and if we would only try to find it instead of looking at the dark side, moping around and making others unhappy as well as ourselves, our life would be much brighter and happier. I have tried it, and I know. Just remember that every one has cares and trouble, and we are so much better off than thousands of others. Then, if we did not have these petty things to overcome and endure, what kind of characters would we have? Not very strong ones, I am sure. The most noble character on earth had His cares, and is it worse for us than for Him?

There, I shall give no more advice, but just try this a little, and see if it does not help. If this gets in print, I shall write again some time.—Jennie, of Michigan.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Everybody is behaving well in the M. G. R. and the goose hangs high. Come on with your picnic, travel, or descriptive letters. Everybody likes 'em. —Elizabeth.

Olive Branch—I am going to write to you as soon as I possibly can. Meantime, I'm yours, as ever.—E. A.

When you write to this page, write Household Editor somewhere on the envelope.

This is all for today.

NO MORE WRINKLES
BEAUTIFUL BUST
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES LIKE MAGIC BY A NEW TREATMENT.

Let this woman send you free everything she agrees, follow her instructions, then if you are pleased, recommend her wonderful methods to your friends.

The World's Greatest Beauty
SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIRL OF 18.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods.

You can imagine her joy when by her own simple discovery she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no masks or common massage, no harmful plasters, no rollers, no worthless creams.

By her new process she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed.

Mary Merritt, of Wis., writes, her wrinkles have entirely disappeared. Miss Hanson writes, her bust is beautifully developed and wrinkles gone. Mrs. Markham writes, she has not a wrinkle left.

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cuningham is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, everything she agrees, and will show our readers how to quickly remove wrinkles; how to develop the bust; how to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; how to instantly remove superfluous hair; how to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles; how to remove dark circles under the eyes; how to quickly remove double chin; how to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; how to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; how to remove warts and moles.

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite 856, 7 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Now is the time to write and learn her beauty secrets, lest your beauty passes, even as the petals of a rose withers into the drift of yesterday's flowers.

POETS' CORNER

MEEKNESS.

Author Unknown.

Low down in this beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where dark waves of envy and folly
May roll on their billows in vain,
The meek soul in humble subjection
Shall here find unshaken protection—
The soft gales of cheering redfection,
The wind soothed from sorrow and pain.

This low vale is far from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissension,
Nor dark wiles of evil invention
Can find out this region of peace.
Oh, there then the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of this beautiful river
Which flows peaceful forever and ever
And love's joys shall ever increase.

Come, drop, drop the tear of contrition
And yield to the spirit's direction,
And come make the noble confession,
And bow to the Savior also.
Then rise, rise to walk in his favor,
And show by your constant behavior,
That Christ is your King and your Savior
From sin, from death, from sorrow and woe.

THE LOVE KNOT.

Author Unknown.

Tying her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in,
But not alone in her silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still,
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind! .Do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefuly do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

MINNIE MINTON.

Author Unknown.

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone;
On the battle's gory meadow
Which the scythe of death has mown,
I have listened for your coming,
Till the weary dawn of day;
But I only hear the drumming
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die
By a stranger host surrounded,
And no loved one kneeling nigh:
And I fain would hear you whisper
In the twilight cold and gray;
But I only hear the tramping
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
And I long to reach my goal;
Yet the billows of old Erie
Blue upon my memory roll,
And I pause to hear you singing
By the waters of the bay—
But I only hear the bugles,
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am dreaming
Of the moments gone before,
Ere I saw the sabres gleaming
On the fields of death and gore.
And I thought that you were bending
O'er the turf whereon I lay;
But I wake to see the banners,
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am dying,
As the world recedes from view
I can see the old flag flying—
Fair and free 'gainst heaven's blue;
I behold the heroes saintly
Who have fallen in the fray,
And their bugles warble faintly
As they beckon me away.

TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD

Author Unknown.

I saw a youth and maiden on a lonely city street,
And thought them lovers at their meeting-place;
Until, as I drew near, I heard the girl's sad voice entreat,
The one who heeded not her tear-stained face:
"I only ask you, Jack, to do your duty, that is all;
You know you promised that we should wed."
And when he said, "You shall not want, whatever may befall,"
She spurned the gold he offered her, and said:

CHORUS:

"Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me;
Take back your bribe, and promise you'll be true;
Give me your love, the love that you deny me,
Make me your wife, that's all I ask of you."

He drew her close unto him and to soothe her then he tried,
But she in pride and sorrow turned away;
And as he sought to comfort her, she wept and softly sighed,
"You'll rue your cruel actions, Jack, some day."
"Now, little one, don't cry, "he said, for though tonight we part,
And though another soon will be my bride,
This gold will help you to forget;" but with a breaking heart,
She scorned his gift, and bitterly replied:

CHORUS:

"Take back your gold, for gold can never buy me," etc.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

The ringing of the church bells is a call to spiritual grace; a call to put aside all care, trouble and vexation and to be at peace.

MONDAY

Often I have heard that love lightens labor. To have this lightening, I must love my labor.

TUESDAY

When my heart is heavy, if I help to lift up some other sinking heart, my own will grow lighter.

WEDNESDAY

"In every pain there is folded the seed of a blessing." Have patience and this seed will burst into flower.

THURSDAY

More than half our trouble is borrowed. Neither a borrower nor a lender be of trouble.

FRIDAY

Within myself I may have a world of beauty, no matter what my surroundings may be. This world of beauty I may make by thinking thoughts of love and kindness.

SATURDAY

The week is ended. If I have not made it a good one there is nothing to prevent me from trying to do better with the one that's coming.—Elizabeth.

THE DRUMMER OF WATERLOO

Author Unknown.

When battle roused each warlike band,
And carnage loud her trumpet blew;
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy of Waterloo.

(Repeat last two lines for refrain.)

This mother, when his lips she pressed,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching breast,
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he who knew no infant fears,
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And cried, "Dear mother, dry those tears,
Till I return from Waterloo."

He went, but ere the set of sun,
Before our arms the foe subdue,
The flash of death, that murderous gun,
Had laid him low at Waterloo.

"O comrades, comrades!" Edwin cried,
And proudly beamed his eyes of blue,
"Go tell my mother Edwin died
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They placed his head upon his drum,
Beneath the moon's pale, mournful hue,
When night had stilled the battle's hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE HILL.

Fond mem'ry paints the scenes of other years,
Green be their mem'ry still,
And bright amid those joyous scenes appears
The school house on the hill.

Chorus.

Oh, I never can forget, No, I never can forget
The old schol house on the hill.

There hangs the swing upon the maple tree,
Where you and I once swung;
There flows the spring, forever flowing free,
As when we both were young.

There climb the vines, and there the berries grow
Which once we prized so high;
And there the ripe nuts glisten in the glow
Of rich October's sky.

WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY

By Franz Abt.

When the swallows homeward fly,
When the roses scattered lie,
When from neither hill nor dale
Chants the silv'ry nightingale,
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose.

When the white swan southward roves,
To seek at noon the orange groves,
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest;
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart,
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah can I e'er know repose?

Hush, my heart! why thus complain?
Thou must, too, thy woes contain,
Tho' on earth no more we rove,
Loudly breathing words of love;
Thou, my heart, must find relief,
Yielding to these words belief;
I shall see thy form again,
Though today we part again.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

Author Unknown.

Child of sorrow, child of care,
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And escape from every snare? Trust in God.
Human strength is weak and vain,
Let not sin its power regain,
Humbly ask and help obtain, from thy God.

Chorus.

We'll be there, we'll be there,
When the Lord of glory calls us, we'll be there.
To enjoy that feast of love,
That the Savior from above
Has prepared for those who prove worthy there.
Painful days and months and years,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
In this darksome vale of tears, we may see;
But the Lord will lead us on,
He will never leave his own,
Till we reach His shining throne, safely there.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem is very much wanted which begins: I hear the tread of pioneers, of nations yet to be. The one who asks for it thinks its author is Whittier, but I have not been able to find it in his collected poems. I trust some one can help us out.—Elizabeth.

These are words of a poem wanted: I once was a seaman, stout and bold; ofttimes I have ploughed the ocean.

This is a clue to some verses wanted: And the great Mississippi bore me from her view.

A poem having the title, And Life Is a Very Uncertain Thing After All, is asked for. Another one wanted has this line: Tomorrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy today.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

"THE WOMAN AT LEISURE"

IN THE Woman's Home Companion is a Home Page, conducted by Margaret E. Sangster, who writes pleasantly and sensibly of matters pertaining to home life. Mrs. Sangster has been writing pleasantly and sensibly throughout most of the years she has lived, and these years, reckoned by numbers, have been many. Preeminently, Mrs. Sangster always has been a writer for the fireside, and her special interest is in women and children, though she frequently has a good word to say for the Himselfs of the world.

In the August number of the Home Companion Mrs. Sangster turns her attention to the woman at leisure and speaks a few words in her behalf. From these few words the following extract is taken:

"We have fallen into a habit of glorifying the busy woman as if only she deserved praise, while we regard with criticism her sister who has not her occasion to be constantly occupied. The busy woman, be it noted, is quite as often the woman of large as of limited means. She of the tenement who drops her babies at the day nursery and goes forth to her task of washing and scrubbing is of necessity busy from morning until evening, and busy after her work is done and paid for, with the care of her little home and her children, until far into the night. Yet she often has an air of leisure in striking contrast to that worn by the wife of the millionaire rushing hither and yonder in her automobile, flitting from one board meeting to another, keeping an appointment with a dressmaker, lunching with friends at a hotel, going to matinees and teas, and incidentally peeping in on her children before the opera.

"The ranks of those who prematurely break down from exhausted nerve tension are recruited from two classes. These two are composed of busy women, half of them absorbed by daily unremitting toil, in self-support and in household labor; the other half, worn to shreds by the exactions of fashion,

MARGARET SANGSTER.

society or an inherited conscience that compels them to be forever moving on. My point, of which I do not want to lose sight, is that the woman at leisure who maintains her poise, keeping the balance even, doing what she can without flurry and excitement, and remembering that the fate of the world has not been committed to her hands alone, is a blessing to all within her sphere."

It is true we have fallen into the habit of glorifying the busy woman, and it is true also that the busy woman, or in other words, the women and girls who are employed in shops, factories and offices, have fallen into the habit of regarding with contempt, which is sometimes mingled with envy, the woman who lives at home and does not work by the clock.

This is one of the mistaken ideas which arise from considering the personal side of a question only. Always, as I have said many a time before, there are two sides to a question.

I know more of the women who toil and of the women of the great middle class who live without working outside of the home than I do of "the wife of the millionaire rushing hither and yonder in her automobile," and because I know so little of this kind of woman she is not included in these few remarks.

It is the woman who lives at home, the woman who from surface observation is apparently a "woman at leisure," of whom I am prompted to write, and from Margaret Sangster's article I again take quotations:

"The sweet and tranquil woman who stays at home without a protest and diffuses about her a real home atmosphere is not altogether extinct. It is she who makes possible for some busy women their lives of influence and energy. The years touch her lightly. One never speculates as to her age, for she has somewhere on the road found the Fountain of Youth and dipped her cup in crystal waters. She has a way of going by herself for reading and meditation, and her household does not intrude upon her quiet hour, knowing that when her door shall be opened she will appear with a face so rested and restful that it will cast a spell of charmed radiance over every one in the circle. The woman at leisure may be mother, wife or sister, may be young or middle-aged, may live in the country or in the town, be up to date or behind the times, but wherever she is the Recording Angel writes saint before her name."

You may see from this that the woman at leisure is not necessarily a woman at idleness. Even though she may not work with her hands, or work by the clock, the woman who lives in a way to make happy those by whom she is surrounded, is one of the best of workers.

It is the part of the woman at home to keep "sweet and tranquil," and sufficiently rested, that hers may be a beneficient presence to those with whom she comes in contact. There must always be Queen Bees, and this the woman who works should take into consideration, but the woman at leisure is not a Queen Bee, unless she is happy in her hours of ease and helps to make happy those who are the workers.

We all have our separate uses, you know, and it is for us to make good use of ourselves. Well, here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

We Give Away Free of Cost

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, a book of 1008 large pages and over 700 illustrations, in French cloth binding, to any one sending 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of wrapping and mailing *only*. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book were sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50. Afterwards about two and a half million copies were given away as above. A new, up-to-date revised edition is now ready for mailing. Better send NOW, before all are gone. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

THE ONE REMEDY for woman's peculiar ailments good enough that its makers are not afraid to print on its outside wrapper its every ingredient. No Secrets—No Deception.

THE ONE REMEDY for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from native medicinal forest roots of well established curative value.

CRIME AND CHASE LONG HELD ATTENTION OF 2 CONTINENTS

Remarkable Detective Chase Across Atlantic, Combing of Europe and Part of Wireless Make Case One of Most Interesting in Police Annals.

London, Aug. 1.—The crime which had its dramatic denouement yesterday in the arrest of Dr. Crippen and Ethel Clare Leneve aboard the steamer Montrose is destined to become one of the most notable in criminal history. Not only the circumstances of the crime, but the remarkable detective chase across the Atlantic, with wireless telegraphy contributing, for the first time, as a decisive factor in detection of criminals, have combined to make the case one of extraordinary interest.

The circumstances of the finding of the mangled and burned body of Belle Elmore are of recent occurrence, the salient features being as follows:

Dr. Crippen and his wife, known by the stage name of Belle Elmore, had for the last two years occupied a cozy house at No. 39 Hilldrop Crescent, North London. He was an American dentist, born at Coldwater, Mich., educated in Indiana, and pursuing medical studies later in Michigan, California, Ohio and New York city. He had managed a patent medicine business in Philadelphia and in Columbus, and had appeared as a specialist in many other points, Detroit, San Diego, Salt Lake City, St. Louis and Brooklyn.

Actress Wife Disappears.

Belle Elmore was a well known vaudeville actress, about 35 years old, formerly of Brooklyn. She was an attractive woman and an officer of the Music Hall Artists' Guild, of London. With the Crippen pair at Hilldrop Crescent lived Miss Leneve, a young typist of French birth, who served as amanuensis to Dr. Crippen. Mrs. Crippen disappeared last February. To her friends Dr. Crippen explained that she had gone to California. Later an advertisement appeared in the London papers saying that she had died in California. But Belle Elmore's former actress friends in London and America began to doubt and to investigate. Their inquiries led to the belief that Mrs. Crippen had not died in California. Their suspicions were communicated to the police.

The clues of Scotland Yard gradually began to encircle Dr. Crippen early in July. Sir Melville Macnaughton, chief of the criminal investigation department, took the matter personally in hand, and then for the first time appeared on the scene Inspector Dew, that realistic embodiment of Sherlock Holmes.

Body Found in Cellar.

It was Dew who subjected Crippen to the ordeal of minute cross-examination. The doctor finally admitted that his wife had not gone to California, but asserted that she had run away as the result of family bickering. The suavity of Crippen led the police to give conditional credit to his statement, and then took his word of honor that he would remain subject to call until his story could be verified. This was on July 12.

The next day Dr. Crippen and the pretty young typist, Miss Leneve, disappeared, leaving no trace of their whereabouts. The house at Hilldrop Crescent was hastily searched. This time Inspector Dew and his staff ransacked cellar and garret. In the cellar a misplaced brick led to a ghastly discovery. Beneath the floor was found the battered body of a human being. It had been placed in quicklime and was burned beyond recognition.

Even the sex was undeterminable by the doctors at first, although the body was finally established as that of a woman.

Immediately a search of almost world-wide scope began, at first in London and England and then through France and continental points and finally to America. Many false clues were followed to a fruitless end. Dr. Crippen and his typist appeared to have vanished completely.

Police descriptions were cabled throughout the world. One circumstance of the flight appeared to be most important, namely: Dr. Crippen purchased a suit of boys' clothing, evidently for the purpose of disguising his companion as a boy in their flight.

The first real clue came on the sailing of the Canadian Pacific steamer Montrose from Antwerp on July 20. A couple of strange appearance took hasty passage on the steamer two hours before it sailed. They gave the names of Rev. John Robinson and John Robinson, Jr., said to be father and son. Two days out, Captain Kendall, of the Montrose, had his suspicions excited. He became convinced that the younger Robinson was a woman, and that the pair were those for whom London and the outer world had been searching in vain.

Wireless Traps Fugitives.

By wireless he communicated his suspicions to Scotland Yard. A minute description of the pair, sent by wireless to the ship at sea, confirmed Captain Kendall's suspicions. The two were kept under surveillance, but not under arrest.

Then began the sensational detective chase which culminated yesterday. Inspector Dew, balked in his first attempt to apprehend Crippen, hurried to Liverpool, where he caught the White Star steamship Laurentic. She was faster than the Montrose and both were headed for the same destination. The Laurentic overtook and passed the Montrose at sea, and two days ago Inspector Dew landed at Father Point, one of the remote outposts of the St. Lawrence, and awaited his quarry.

Meanwhile the wireless had been busy in furthering the work of detection, so that the identity of the pair as Dr. Crippen and Miss Leneve became practically assured as the Montrose drew nearer the waiting officers. The sequel is told in the dispatches giving the identification and arrest.

BALLOON SOARS 140 MILES

Ascends at Canton and Lands in West Virginia.

Canton, August 1.—The balloon Buckeye, carrying J. H. Wade, Jr., of Cleveland; A. Leo Stevens, New York aeronaut, and Jack Allen, of Canton, which left here Saturday afternoon on its first trip, landed six miles west of Denver, Marshall county, W. Va., about 7 o'clock that night. The distance is 140 miles.

The balloon came down in the mountains, and for that reason no word was received from the aeronauts until yesterday. They reported a pleasant trip.

The trip came with a few miles of breaking the record of the Aero club of Ohio.

RAINS COST THREE MILLIONS

Water Falls Nearly Every Day for Five Weeks.

Louisville, Ky., July 29.—Following yesterday's heavy rain in Louisville and many sections of the state there was a precipitation of nearly one inch in Louisville this morning.

It has rained in this section of the state nearly every day for five weeks, and the damage to crops is mounting high. Some authorities are placing the loss to farmers and to railroads thus far this season at $3,000,000.

Railroad traffic in the southwestern part of the state is nearly at a standstill owing to washouts.

The Best.

The Judge—"What? A ministerial-looking chap like you arrested for drunkenness? What's the meaning of this?"

The Prisoner—"Well, suh, yer honah, I'se a Baptus preachah, suh. An' Ah only drinks watah. But de crick is awful low, dis heah dry spell, an' Ah needed all dey was foh a baptizin', an' so Ah jes nachully had ter drink elsewhere."

CRIPPEN WON'T RESIST

Will Be Held on Suspicion in Quebec Until Extradition Is Arranged.

Quebec, Canada, August 1.—Dr. Hawley H. Crippen announced in the provincial court today that he would not resist his return to England to stand trial for the murder of a woman believed by the police to be his missing wife, Belle Elmore, the American actress.

Crippen's companion in flight, Miss Ethel Clare Leneve, was to have been arraigned today, but her custodians reported to the court that she was too ill to appear.

The authorities are confident that the woman will give no more trouble than Crippen promises to, and that as soon as the fifteen days of grace provided by the extradition laws of Canada have expired, both prisoners can be returned to London without any hitch.

When Crippen and Miss Leneve were arrested on board the incoming steamer Montrose yesterday, they were charged with an identical crime, the murder and mutilation of an unknown woman. It had been expected that both would be arraigned at 10:30 o'clock this morning and deported upon the steamer Royal George, that will sail for England Thursday. However, Inspector Dew received instructions which changed the program.

The English officials do not wish anything done that would give the appearance of "railroading" the prisoners. They wish the formalities of extradition followed to the letter.

Bitter Toward Crippen.

Everywhere bitterness toward Crippen was exhibited, but the attitude toward the woman in the case was strangely different. Everywhere one heard words of sympathy for the girlish creature who had pinned her faith to the man now charged with a crime so shocking as to seem almost unbelievable.

Reports from the provincial jail, where Crippen and Miss Leneve have been confined since their arrival here, added to the popular feeling. Miss Leneve is described as having sobbed and moaned as she tossed on her cot during the early hours today.

When she arose this morning she was handed a cablegram which read: "Tell all you know." Those who saw this message say that it was signed "Papa."

The greatest excitement was caused in the city yesterday when a wireless message brought the news that the long-sought man and woman had been arrested on board the steamer Montrose when the vessel laid to off Father Point to take on a pilot.

It was known that the steamer with the prisoners and their captors aboard would be due here soon after midnight, and early in the evening crowds began to gather at the pier. As the night advanced the crowd grew greater until the police found that they had a big job on their hands to restrain the curious ones and so permit the landing of Inspector Dow and his prisoners.

When the steamer was sighted down the harbor the excitement was intense, and the police, who up to that time had used moral suasion, assumed a more determined attitude, finally pushing back the throng from the gangway in no more gentle manner than the circumstances necessitated.

Gazes Into Darkness.

A half hour before the landing the prisoners were told they were near the landing at Quebec. Both who had been under the greatest strain for hours showed increased restlessness. Crippen, who had tried to read a novel, tossed the book aside and dropped his head in his hands in the same despairing attitude that he assumed yesterday forenoon when he heard the fateful words: "In the name of the king I arrest you."

At the same time Miss Leneve, in her cabin in another part of the vessel, fell upon her knees and gazed out of the porthole into the blackness of the night. Suddenly she turned back into her room and was seized with a fit of coughing. It was a nervous cough that racked her and the nerves of her guards, and the physicians who had ministered to her physical needs from the time that she collapsed following her arrest.

The bells indicated that the steamer was being reduced to half speed, and the prisoners looked anxiously toward their captors as if realizing they had reached the shores that refused them a refuge, but wondering what the next hour would bring them.

Holds Crippen Tightly.

At 1:30 o'clock Captain Kendall came down from the bridge and notified Inspector Dew that in a few minutes his passengers would be taken ashore. Dew notified McCarthy and Denis. Presently Dew emerged from the cabin door with Crippen, whom he held firmly by the arm as they passed, not up the main companionway to the afterdeck where the gangplank was fixed, but by a side passage, passing both main cabins in a roundabout direction in a less conspicuous path.

Crippen, his face white as death, walked with a shambling gait. As they passed the stateroom which the doctor had formely occupied with Miss Leneve, the door of that room swung open and Detective McCarthy led, or rather half carried, Miss Leneve out to the passageway.

WENDLING IS ARRESTED

Detectives Finally Arrest Man Wanted for Murdering Child.

San Francisco, July 30. — Joseph Wendling, wanted in Louisville, Ky., in connection with the murder of 8-year-old Alma Kellner, was taken into custody today. He has admitted his identity. Wendling was captured in a Third street lodging house by Detectives Ryan and Burke, of the local department. He made no resistance and admitted to the officers, on the way to the city prison that he was Wendling. Chief of Police Martin, District Attorney Fickert and the two detectives are now with him in the prison attempting to get a confession from him.

WENDLING DISAPPEARED AFTER MUDRER OF CHILD

Louisville, Ky., July 30.—Alma Kellner, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kellner, and niece of Frank Fehr, millionaire brewer, disappeared from her home in this city on the morning of December 8 last, to attend mass at St. John's church about three blocks away. She was not seen again until her mutilated body was found in the basement of St. John's parochial school building on May 30. There was every indication that the childd had been murdered and her body hidden in an effort to conceal the crime.

Evidence found around the school building among the effects of the janitor, Joseph Wendling, directed suspicion toward him and when an effort was made to capture him it was discovered he had fled the city. His wife was taken into custody, but was dismissed after being examined for several days. Evidence pointing to Wendling was wrung from her by the questions and the dead child's relatives and the authorities offered $6,000 for his capture.

Wendling is about 27 years of age, and is supposed to be a son of a good family. He speaks several languages fluently.

Wendling denied any connection with the murder of the girl in his talk with the district attorney and police. He described his wanderings since leaving Louisville, saying he went to New Orleans, thence to Texas and finally to Valejo, where Carney found his trail.

Tip From An Unknown.

The capture was due to a tip given the detectives by a note from some unknown person. The note stated that Wendling would be found at No. 341 Third street. That was three days ago and when the detectives went to the place they found a vacant lot. Adjoining this was a lodging house, at 345 Third street. The place is conducted by a French woman who insisted that no man answering Wendling's description had ever stopped there.

A watch was maintained about the place, however, and this morning the detectives determined to search the house. Wendling was found hiding under the sink in the kitchen. He denied that he was the man, but the mark of the bullet wound in the hand received while he was in the French army was discovered and investigation disclosed the ship tattooed on his body. When the officers spoke of these Wendling broke down and admitted his identity.

Wendling has been sought for in this city for three weeks. He was trailed to Vallejo, a town 30 miles away, by Chief of Detectives J. P. Carney, of Louisville, after a chase that led across the continent.

ANTI-CATHOLIC OATH IS OUT

Bill Passes House of Commons by Big Majority.

London, July 29.—The bill modifying the declaration on religion required of the king upon accession passed the house of commons upon third reading today by a vote of 245 to 52.

In its final form the bill not only eliminates the phrases offensive to the Roman Catholic subjects of his majesty, but it also makes it acceptable to the non-conformists by striking out the proposed statement of adherence to the established church. King George is required to declare merely that he is "a faithful Protestant."

KANSAS "DRY" LAW EFFECTIVE

Carrie Nation's Home for Drunkards' Wives Admitted a Failure.

Kansas City, July 29.—There are not enough drunkards' wives in Kansas City, Kan., today to keep the home founded by Carrie Nation going, and the property may be given back to her, according to Peter W. Goebel, president of the Associated Charities.

"The home is a failure," said Mr. Goebel yesterday. "We can't find any drunkards' wives to live in it. If our laws discourage the making of drunkards' wives there isn't anything we can do. We have done our best, but the odds were too great."

Mrs. Nation has asked that the property be restored to her, as she desires to sell it and devote the proceeds to a school for neglected children she is building at Eureka Springs, Ark.

TAFT WIRES HARDING

Sends Message to Ohio as Soon as Summer Cruise Is Ended.

Beverly, Mass., July 29.—President Taft's 10-day vacation cruise along the Maine coast ended at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the Mayflower dropped anchor in Beverly harbor. As the President was piped over the side and entered the waiting launch, a parting salute of 21 guns boomed from the yacht and a crash of The Star Spangled Banner by the marine band on board.

The President thoroughly enjoyed the cruise despite the mishap to his ankle which ended his golf playing. The ankle is nearly well now.

Immediately after coming ashore Mr. Taft sent for all the morning papers available and read the details of the Ohio state convention proceedings and the full text of the platform adopted.

Sends Wire to Harding.

It is not likely that Mr. Taft will make any formal comment upon the situation in Ohio or upon the platform. He sent last night the following brief telegram to Warren G. Harding, the Republican nominee for governor of Ohio:

"Beverly, Mass., July 28, 1910.

"Hon. Warren G. Harding, Marion, O.: I sincerely congratulate you on your nomination, and earnestly hope that you may be elected.

"WILLIAM H. TAFT."

DARES ALDRICH TO PROVE 'LIE'

Paola, Kan., July 30.—After reading the interview credited to Senator Aldrich in which he is quoted as saying that Senator Bristow has been telling a pack of lies about him, the Kansas senator laughed and remarked:

"Why Aldrich is mad, isn't he? Mr. Aldrich says I have been lying about him, but he does not specify what particular misstatement I have made. Every statement that I have made regarding rubber, lead, cotton or any other schedule is based upon the tariff bills as published, Poor's Annual of Industrials, for 1910, the Wall Street Journal of June 24, 1910, Moody's Manual and the charters of the rubber companies that were merged into the Inter-Continental Rubber Co. If Mr. Aldrich will specify the particular fact that I have stated which he denies, then it can be demonstrated whether or not I have misrepresented him.

"Mr. Aldrich well knows that, according to the rules of the senate, one senator cannot criticise another upon the floor. As far as Dutton's statement is concerned I have never said that there was a duty on crude rubber."

CITIES OWE LARGE DEBT

Amount of Indebtedness of 158 Largest Towns Is $1,718,000,000.

Washington, July 29.—The enormous sum of $1,718,000,000 is owed by the 158 cities in the country having each a population of more than 30,000. The figures show net indebtedness and are given out by the census bureau as a result of its canvass for 1908.

The same authorities find that of this sum New York owes $684,000,000, or almost 40 per cent of the aggregate. This is more than seven times the amount of the net indebtedness of any other city and more than one-half of the total amount owed by the 29 next largest cities in the country.

It also is shown that of the $275,000,000 spent for improvements in the 158 cities in 1908, New York expended more than $83,000,000, or nearly one-third the entire sum. Of the total debt increase for the year, $185,877,856, nearly one-half, is credited to New York.

The per capita indebtedness of New York also is much larger than that of any other city, exceeding $157 as compared with $128 for Cincinnati, $119 for Boston and $113 for Galveston, the other cities making the nearest approach.

It is pointed out that a large proportion of the New York improvement expenditures have been for public service conveniences. The betterment of the water system, the costruction of toll bridges, and other self supporting services are responsible for 37 per cent of the total net debt of the Metropolis.

Of the cities exceeding 300,000 population, Detroit has the smallest per capita debt, $26; but Indianapolis falls below 300,000 makes an improvement with a debt of only $17 to the person. In the matter of the payments for improvements in 1908 Chicago took rank next to New York, the total for the Illinois city being $18,093,986. Philadelphia's expenditures was $14,473,184. Of the total expenditures for all of the cities about one-third was for improved public service and another third for highways.

MORE THAN 100 POISONED

Joplin, Mo., July 29.—Twenty-two new cases of ptomaine poisoning were reported to the board of health here today, making the total number reported in the last seven days 102. Two deaths have resulted and several victims are in a critical condition.

AGENTS WANTED

We want men who are not actively engaged in business to act as our agents. We pay liberal cash commissions. Write for our catalogue and full particulars.

ON CREDIT

Buggies
Only $10. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Surreys
Only $25. Cash.
Balance $7 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

Farm Wagons
Only $15. Cash.
Balance $5 a month. Warranted for 3 years.

We trust honest people located in all parts of the world. Cash or easy monthly payments. Write for our free catalogue.

CENTURY MFG. CO., Dept. 861 East St. Louis, Ills.

KILL TWENTY NEGROES

Race Riot Lasts Long in Texas and State Militia Is Called.

Houston, Tex., July 30.—Special dispatches from Palestine, Texas, today report a serious race riot at Slocum, Anderson county, a small town 15 miles south of Palestine, late yesterday.

Latest advices state that 20 negroes were killed and three white men badly wounded.

Adjutant General Newton has ordered the militia company at Marshall to proceed to Palestine and Slocum by first train.

The trouble seems to have been precipitated in a controversy over a note a man named Alford had endorsed for a negro. The negro when questioned as to the reason he had not paid the note cursed Alford and said no white man could "do" him.

Fighting between them began at once and others being drawn into the affair the trouble continued throughout Friday night.

Trouble Lasts All Night.

Sheriff Black, with a large posse of citizens, heavily armed, have gone to Slocum.

Many citizens not included in the posse left Palestine today and will aid the whites.

The negroes, it is said, are organizing and there are 200 armed negroes at Dennison Springs near Slocum who are reported to have expressed their intention of "cleaning out" the entire white community.

HELP WANTED.

Government Employes Wanted—$900 to $1,500. Fall examinations everywhere. Preparation free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. W.-32, Rochester, N. Y.

BRYCE SEES OUR OPPORTUNITY

Chautauqua, N. Y., July 30.—James Bryce, ambassador from Great Britain, spoke to a large audience here yesterday on the understanding that should exist between Great Britain and America.

The position of the United States, he said, was unequaled in its opportunity for the betterment of all the nations of the world.

Try This FREE

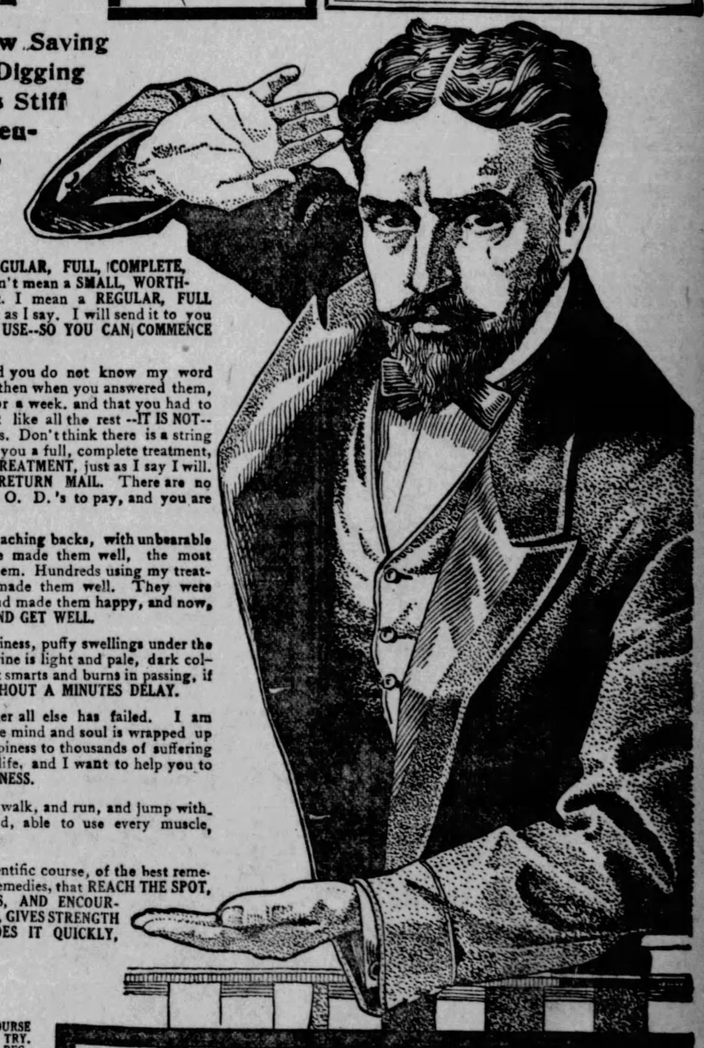
Stops Backache. Cures Kidneys, Bladder Rheumatism

$1,000.00 REWARD

I will send you a Regular Full Complete Course Treatment — Not a Sample, Not a Trial, Not a Test, Not a Proof Treatment, but A Full, Complete Course

Dr. DeWerth will pay $1,000.00 IN GOLD to any person who can show that he does not send full treatments free to try as he promises in this announcement.

My New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is Now Saving Thousands From That Back-Breaking, Digging Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets Those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, and Soothes Those Unbearable Bladder Troubles at once, as if by Magic.



Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, THREE-FOLD LEXOID, COMBINED COURSE OF TREATMENT--FREE TO TRY. I don't mean a SMALL, WORTHLESS SAMPLE, or a TRIAL TEST TREATMENT, that you can't tell anything about. I mean a REGULAR, FULL TREATMENT, and when I say a full treatment, I MEAN A FULL TREATMENT, just as I say. I will send it to you COMPLETE--CHARGES PAID--DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR--READY FOR YOU TO USE--SO YOU CAN COMMENCE YOUR CURE AT ONCE.

You may not believe my offer, because you do not know me personally, and you do not know my word is good as gold. You may have seen ads before, offering full treatments, and then when you answered them, found out that in each case you got a small trial treatment, lasting a few days or a week, and that you had to send money first to get the full treatment, and you may think this offer is just like all the rest --IT IS NOT-- please don't think I am trying to fool you—No—I don't do that kind of business. Don't think there is a string to this offer—there are no strings to this offer—NO INDEED. I said I would send you a full, complete treatment, and I WILL DO SO. You won't be fooled. I will send you a REGULAR, FULL TREATMENT, just as I say I will. I will send it charges paid, as soon as I hear from you--THE SAME DAY--BY RETURN MAIL. There are no promises to make—no papers to sign—no references to give—no charges or C. O. D.'s to pay, and you are not obligated to spend a penny.

I have helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and I have made them well, the most chronic, severe, long standing obstinate cases, after all else had failed to cure them. Hundreds using my treatment in despair, have gone their way rejoicing. They were hopeless, and it made them well. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now, I offer my wonderful treatment to you—FREE TO TRY—TAKE IT—USE IT—AND GET WELL.

If you have backache, KIDNEY, BLADDER TROUBLE or RHEUMATISM, dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark coloured or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, YOU NEED MY TREATMENT WITHOUT A MINUTES DELAY.

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else has failed. I am successful in my life work, because I love it. I love my profession. My whole mind and soul is wrapped up in it, and I am happy. You would be happy too, if you were bringing happiness to thousands of suffering people right along, as I am now. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life, and enjoy every minute of TRUE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

I want to help you to get well, and be strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain, so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, chord, and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to have my regular FULL COMPLETE TREATMENT. My new scientific course, of the best remedies in the world for such diseases. Harmless, soothing, healing, penetrating remedies, that REACH THE SPOT, DRIVES AWAY URIC ACID, CLEANSES, PURIFIES, STRENGTHENS, INVIGORATES, AND ENCOURAGES THE KIDNEYS TO PROPERLY FILTER THE BLOOD. THAT STOPS THE PAIN, GIVES STRENGTH TO THE NERVES, NEW LIFE AND AMBITION TO THE MIND AND BODY, AND DOES IT QUICKLY, QUIETLY, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME.

MY UNEQUALED OFFER

Now here is my offer—I will send you A REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, THREE-FOLD LEXOID COURSE OF TREATMENT, WITHOUT A PENNY IN ADVANCE--CHARGES PAID--READY TO USE--FREE TO TRY. I don't mean a SAMPLE, or a TRIAL, or a TEST, such as others call PROOF TREATMENTS. I MEAN A REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE, COURSE OF REMEDIES—SO YOU CAN START YOUR CURE AT ONCE.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, AND SEE JUST WHAT IT DOES. Then when you know it has helped you, WHEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE GETTING BETTER, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part and send me some money, WHEN IT HELPS YOU--AND YOUR WORD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. It will help you quickly. It will not fail. But you are to pay nothing UNTIL IT DOES. Use it first, pay afterwards when you know. NOT BEFORE. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left, AND PAY NOTHING. IT DON'T COST YOU A PENNY TO TRY MY TREATMENT--I will send it to you charges paid, TAKE IT, TRY IT FREE, AND FIND OUT.

I am the only one today making this offer, sending a full treatment, for such diseases, FREE TO TRY. I could not afford to do it, if I was not sure it would help you—if I did not know it would cure—if I wasnt sure. That's why I can afford to send it first--BUT YOU ARE THE ONE TO DECIDE, you are the one to be the judge. It must help you, it must satisfy you—BEFORE YOU SEND A PENNY. And you are the one to say. I WILL TAKE YOUR WORD. It's all left right with you yourself. What you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny until it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving everyone a square deal—in being honest—it's my religion—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the BROADEST, MOST STRAIGHT-FORWARD, FAIREST, MOST LIBERAL ONE SIDED OFFER, EVER MADE. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you'll BE WILLING TO TRY IT FREE. Don't send a penny in your letter. NOT EVEN A POSTAGE STAMP. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this: DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH, 100 Wade Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Every suffering reader should write at once for Dr. DeWerth's wonderful treatment. The remedies he sends have cured thousands. His treatment is different from others, as Lexoid is a new scientific course of treatment; he alone is its only possessor. The fact that he sends a full treatment, free to try, not only shows his confidence in the treatment, but also, that he is a fair, just, broad, liberal, honest man as well, and worthy of the utmost confidence. It seems now that any one who continues to suffer with this wonderful treatment within their reach, has no right to complain.

DONT SEND ANY MONEY-- JUST SEND THIS COUPON.

Doctor H. Michell DeWerth
100 Wade Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your REGULAR, FULL, COMPLETE THREE-FOLD LEXOID COURSE OF TREATMENT as you promise above, all charges paid FREE TO TRY. Also your FREE book about Uric-Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My Name is _____

Town _____

State _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

LET ME TELL Your Fortune Free

It is very important that you should know it, and I can give YOU this knowledge WITHOUT COST. I will send you a horoscope which may point out what the future may have in store for you, what to do to obtain wealth, how to know your lucky days, whether a great love is to come into your life to bless you, what the prospects are for traveling, employment, speculations, how to avoid danger, how to recognize your enemies, how to know your friends, whether marriage and a happy home will be your blessing, warn you against evil influences, what to avoid, and what opportunities to take advantage of.

Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." The Shepherds were guided by a star to the birthplace of our Saviour. The twelve Disciples were each born under a different star. We are each born under a star which guides us. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR STAR IS GUIDING YOU?

The advice and information which I propose to send you FREE will probably assist you in many ways, and mark the turning point in your career. It may bring you love, health, happiness, success, fame and popularity in both business and social life.

Astrology is one of the oldest professions in the world. To the marvelous astrological work of the Ancient Egyptians, I have added the latest scientific knowledge of this wonderful Twentieth Century.

MY PATRONS ARE ALWAYS SATISFIED

I receive many letters of praise daily from those who have received astrological readings from me, and I print below a few testimonials that speak for themselves.

♍ ♆ ♌ TESTIMONIALS ♈ ♑ ♎ ♓

Dear Mystic: My horoscope received and want to say I am very much pleased with it in fact, I am delighted with it. You have told me a great many truths about myself and am going to follow your advice. I only regret very much that I did not know of you before, as I think—in fact, I almost believe—that by following your advice I could have saved myself from a great many serious errors in the past; in fact a great deal of misfortune and misery could have been spared me. Miss Marguerite Blair, 551 9th Ave., New York City.

Dear Mystic: I am in possession of a Full Life Reading. My only regret is that I did not have someone to give me what is contained in your horoscope years ago, as I am certain my path in life would have been a different road many times, as the advice that you have given me is of great value. Harry S. Sims, 29 Graveline Ave., Meriden, Conn.

Dear Mystic: I only wish I could find words to express my feeling toward you for sending me the Life Horoscope. I am more than pleased with it. B. J. Watson, 607 South 3d St., Waco, Tex.

Dear Mystic: Received double my money's worth when you sent me the horoscope. William Preston Cramer, Far Hills, N. J.

WRITE ME TODAY. THIS OFFER MAY NEVER APPEAR AGAIN

Write me today, telling me whether you are married or single, telling me the place you were born, also give me the date of your birth, and the year, and I will immediately send you FREE an astrological reading in typewritten form, which will, I believe, contain remarkable and valuable information about yourself.

Write immediately, enclosing two 2-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing the reading, and it will be sent to you FREE OF CHARGE.

ASTALTED MYSTIC No. 658 W. 43d Street, New York City, N. Y.

ONLY 28 REAL ARISTOCRATS IN CAPITAL, SAYS BLUE BOOK

Washington, D. C., July 28.—There are only 28 persons in Washington society who properly may be regarded as aristocratic, according to a newly arisen arbiter of elegance and fashion, C. W. Delyon Nicholls, of Baltimore.

As a result a good many of those not included in the select number are wrought up over the social blue ribbon awards contained in Mr. Nicholls' "ultra fashionable peerage of America," which he is preparing to publish, and advance sheets of which have been given publicly.

Mr. Nicholls is a strict and unsparing censor of the fashionable world. Ancestors alone count with him. If you have not ancestors who can measure up to the standard of aristocracy you don't get into his catalogue of the ultra fashionable—that's all.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter is named as one of the 28 elect in Washington society and so is Miss Katherine Elkins, daughter of the senator from West Virginia. Miss Elkins has ancestors, but her father and mother have no ancestors, for Mr. Nicholls does not include the senator and Mrs. Elkins in the blue ribbon list.

Here Are the Only Aristocrats.

This is Mr. Nicholls' roll of the ultra fashionables of Washington:

Senator G. P. Wetmore,	James W. Wadsworth,
Mrs. G. P. Wetmore,	Mrs. James W. Wadsworth,
The Misses Wetmore,	
W. S. K. Wetmore,	Miss Margaret Cameron,
Roger Wetmore,	Miss Catherine Cameron,
Pierre Lorillard,	Beekman Winthrop,
Mrs. Richard Townsend,	Mrs. Beekman Winthrop,
Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry,	Hamilton Fish,
Perry Belmont,	The Misses Fish,
Mrs. Perry Belmont,	Beekman Lorillard,
Chauncey M. Depew,	Mrs. Beekman Lorillard,
Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew,	Miss Katherine Elkins,
Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter,	Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

Who C. W. Delyon Nicholls Is.

"Who is this C. W. Delyon Nicholls anyway?" exclaims one Washington society editor.

Well, according to C. W. Delyon, he is "descended from a triple line of ancestry from the Chevalier Serg. Francis Nicholls, brother of Sir Robert Nicholls, the first English governor of New York, and on the maternal side of the house through a three-fold pedigree from John Delyon, the first earl of Stratmore and Kinghorne, who married Lady Jane Stuart."

Then he is governor general of the national society of scions of colonial cavaliers. He has figured prominently in Baltimore society for a number of years.

FREE FARMS FOR THE ASKING

Washington, August 1.—"Wanted—Five Hundred Farmers." This is the notice Uncle Sam has hung outside the official front door in Washington. Any man who wants to take up practical farming and answers the advertisement may have the land free.

The government has about 500 farms awaiting settlement under the various irrigation projects in the northwest. These farms vary in size from 20 to 80 acres of irrigable land, depending upon situation. In many sections a tract of grazing land has been included in the farm unit, making 160 acres.

There is no drawing or any element of chance in applying for one of these farms. It is only necessary to make a homestead entry at the land office. The farms are for bona fide homeseekers who are entitled to make a homestead entry, the only charges, besides a land office fee for filing, being the actual cost of getting water to the land. Payment may be made in 10 annual installments without interest.

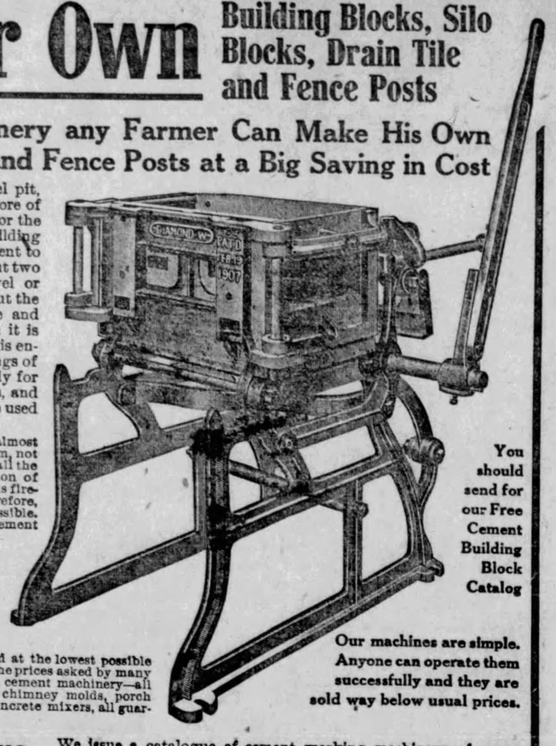
Make Your Own Building Blocks, Silo Blocks, Drain Tile and Fence Posts

With Our Low Cost Machinery any Farmer Can Make His Own Building Blocks, Drain Tile and Fence Posts at a Big Saving in Cost

For the farmer owning a sand pit, gravel pit, or a stone quarry or who lives near one or more of these, where this material may be had simply for the hauling, cement is the cheapest and best building material he can use. Enough Portland Cement to make a building block 8x8x16 inches costs about two or three cents. For most farmers the gravel or crushed stone and sand costs nothing at all but the hauling and the building blocks, drain tile and fence posts may be made at odd times when it is impossible to do other work on the farm. This enables the average farmer to build farm buildings of all kinds at the lowest possible cost, frequently for one-half and even one-third contractors' prices, and build better buildings than he would have if he used any other known material.

This is the age of cement, its use has become almost universal, it is the ideal material for use on the farm, not only because it is inexpensive, most farmers having all the raw materials necessary with the single exception of cement, but because it lasts practically forever and is fireproof. No farmer has adequate fire protection, therefore, he ought to erect buildings as nearly fireproof as possible. Cement block walls, cement floors, cement pillars, cement roofs, will not burn. Cement drain tiles are better than the old clay tile, because they are porous and their strength increases with age. Cement fence posts are cheaper and better than wooden fence posts, they last forever, fires along the roadsides do not effect them. Cement for the silo, cement for the pig pens, feeding yards—in short, cement is ideal for every building purpose on the farm, because it is cheaper in the beginning and lasts practically forever without renewal, and is fireproof.

We sell cement working machinery of every kind at the lowest possible prices. We sell cement block machines at one-third the prices asked by many manufacturers and dealers. We have everything in cement machinery—all kinds of building block machines, silo machines, chimney molds, porch column molds, drain tile molds, fence post molds, concrete mixers, all guaranteed machinery sold way below competition.



You should send for our Free Cement Building Block Catalog

Our machines are simple. Anyone can operate them successfully and they are sold way below usual prices.

Send for Our Free Catalogue. We issue a catalogue of cement working machinery of every description. It is filled with useful information for the farmer, builder and contractor. Send us a letter or postal card and say "Please send me your free Cement Building Block Machinery Catalogue" and we will forward it by return mail, post-paid. Write us at the point nearest you.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

104 CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY

MADRID IS EXCITED

Both Government and Clericals Accept Challenge to Battle.

Madrid, July 30.—Excitement in the capital and throughout Spain over the conflict with the vatican came to a head yesterday with the decision of Premier Canalejas to recall the Spanish ambassador to the vatican.

Both the governmental and clerical parties have accepted the challenge to battle, and the situation, complicated by the intrusion of Don Jaime, the exiled pretender to the throne, may under existing conditions of ferment in Spain easily develop as acute features of those of last year.

Already the government is taking precautionary measures and prohibiting demonstrations from which disorder might result. The clerical element, which has before won similar battles in Spain, shows no hesitation in entering upon the conflict and seems to have set its aim, not upon minor concessions, and a compromise acceptable to the Holy See, but upon the downfall of Canalejas and his cabinet and the cancellation of the entire program reform.

Would Reform Spain.

The withdrawal of the imperial decree permitting non-Catholic organizations to display the insignia of public worship, which furnishes the ostensible relations, assumes secondary importance.

Premier Canalejas has fixed his eyes upon a modernization of Spain and the complete elimination of the clerical element as a factor in the government of the kingdom, and confident of the support of the cortes which was elected in May upon this issue, is determined to carry through his battle for the revision of the concordat of 1851, the registration and regulation of religious orders, governmental control of public education and the recognition of absolute freedom of conscience.

Catholic Press Pleased.

Madrid, July 30.—The Roman Catholic press of Spain makes no effort to conceal its joy over the decision of Premier Canalejas to recall Marquis De Ojeda, the Spanish ambassador to the vatican. The rupture with the vatican and the prospective fight with clericalism will, they predict, result in the downfall of the premier. The chartering of special trains and steamers to carry crowds of manifestants to San Sebastian, the summer capital, to make demonstrations before King Alfonso is advocated.

Premier Canalejas telegraphed the following statement to the press today, boldly taking up the challenge of Don Jaime, the Carlist pretender, of a revolution:

"We do not fear the threat of civil war. The king and the Spanish democracy support us."

AMERICANS TO PLAY AT WAR

Will Lead Revolution Forces in Honduras.

New Orleans, August 2.—That the revolution which former President Manuel Bonilla is promoting in Spanish Honduras will be fought largely under the leadership of Americans is the belief of passengers arriving here today on the steamer Bluefields from Ceibu.

Gen. Gabe Conrad, the young American who was badly wounded while fighting for Estrada in Nicaragua, has joined Bonilla's forces.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quickly and quietly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

BRANDS BRISTOW LIAR

Aldrich May Decide to Go Back to the Senate to Be Vindicated.

Providence, R. I., July 29.—For the first time since he has been under terrific bombardment by Senator Joseph L. Bristow of Kansas and other insurgent Republican members of the upper chamber of congress, Nelson W. Aldrich yesterday replied.

"That man Bristow is telling a pack of lies," declared the man who for nearly 20 years has been the boss of the United States senate.

"He has told so many lies—he manufactures them so rapidly—that I would not know where to begin should I take notice of him and enter denials."

"But, senator," it was urged, "your friends think your fame demands that you refute the more serious charges concerning your work on the last tariff bill."

"I don't need the advice either of my friends as to what course I should pursue in this or any other matter. I generally manage to take care of myself in the proper way when the time to do so comes."

"If the charges had been made upon the floor of the senate, the case might be different," was suggested.

With a sardonic smile that finally expressed itself in a chuckle Senator Aldrich responded:

"If They Should," Says Aldrich.

"Yes, yes; you notice they don't talk about me that way on the floor of the senate. If they should——"

At this point the senator stopped short. Turning from the interviewer, he walked away and refused to say anything else.

In uttering the last sentence his manner indicated obviously that he had in mind a rigid rule of the senate which forbids any senator to speak disrespectfully of another senator or of another senator's state. Under this rule offending senators can be severely disciplined.

Political supporters of Senator Aldrich say that because of the violent attacks that have been made upon him since the adjournment of congress—attacks that even impugn his personal honor as a senator—he probably will yield to their insistence and renounce his recently expressed wish not again to be re-elected. They are insisting upon his returning to Washington with the vindication of a constituency he has served nearly 30 years and go after his detractors in that body. A few go so far as to assert that should Mr. Aldrich return to the senate, where his leadership would be as unchallenged as ever, he would demand an investigation of certain specific charges made by Messrs. Bristow and La Follette.

Just Laughs.

"That man Bristow even charges that I increased the cotton schedules for stock speculation purposes," said Senator Aldrich in the brief talk he had with his interviewers. The senator laughed merrily as he spoke of this charge, but he would not comment upon it.

Senator Aldrich spent Monday evening and the greater part of Tuesday in New York in conference with Secretary Dutton and other officers of the Intercontinental Rubber Co.—the rubber trust. It is therefore presumed that he assisted Secretary Dutton in preparing the statement published Wednesday. The senator had not seen the statement when he was interviewed. He referred to it, though, as having been prepared for publication. In his statement Secretary Dutton defends Senator Aldrich from only a part of the Bristow charge. The Kansas editor declared that through Senator Aldrich's powerful influence in the senate the duty on manufactured rubber had been increased from 30 to 35 per cent. He also called attention to the fact that Senator Aldrich, his son Edward, and the Rockefellers, one of whose sons is the son-in-law of Senator Aldrich, owned large interests in the rubber trust through their control in the Intercontinental company. The Dutton statement calls attention to the fact that there never has been a duty on crude rubber, and rests his disproving of the Bristow charge upon that fact.

CANNOT BAR LEE'S STATUE

Wickersham Finds No Law for Removal From Capitol.

Beverly, Mass., August 1.—Attorney General Wickersham has decided that there is no law under which the statue of Robert E. Lee can be refused a position in statuary hall, in the capitol at Washington. The statue is in statuary hall now, as a gift to the nation from Virginia, but objections have been raised to it because of General Lee's affiliation with the southern Confederacy. Speeches have been made in congress against it, and the department of New York Grand Army organization adopted resolutions against it. To settle the matter finally, the President referred the protests to the attorney general.

MURDERS THREE

Discharged Fireman Murders Former Comrade and Then Beats His Family to Death.

Fireman's Victims.

Donald F. Grant, engineer engine company No. 3, San Diego fire department, shot dead.

Mrs. Bert S. Durham and child, beaten to death.

Peter Sampsell, captain hose company No. 3, dying from bullet wound.

Guy Elliott, driver hose company No. 3, who has a chance to recover.

San Diego, Cal., August 1.—Bert S. Durham, a discharged employe of the local fire department, today ended a man hunt that began early today by shooting himself through the head after he had killed three persons, including his wife and child and seriously wounding two others.

Durham will die.

Durham, in a spirit of revenge, early today turned in a false alarm of fire and when his former fellow workmen responded he fired a volley of shots at them, killing one and probably fatally injuring two others. Durham then ran to his home and with a piece of steel wrapped in a handkerchief, beat his wife and baby about their heads as they lay asleep, killing both.

Fearing the crazed man might make an assault on his parents, Chief of Police Wilson placed a guard about their house. A guard also was placed about Durham's home on D street to prevent the murderer from returning and firing on those attending the bodies of his wife and child.

Several months ago Durham was discharged from the fire department for insubordination. He was said to be quarrelsome. Durham was a wagon driver. His dismissal is said to have preyed on his mind until he concocted a plan for obtaining revenge.

After midnight last night he turned in a false alarm in a distant quarter of the city and awaited the response of the fire company. Upon its arrival he opened fire with a revolver.

At the first shot Driver Don Grant fell from his seat dead, with a bullet in the head. At the second shot Hoseman Guy Elliott pitched to the ground with a bullet through his stomach. Durham then levelled his revolver at Sampsell and fired twice, both bullets piercing Sampsell's lungs.

Two more shots, fired at other members of the crew, went wild. Durham drew another revolver and covered his retreat as he started to run from Assistant Chief Snedecor, who had driven up in answer to the fire alarm. As he disappeared in the darkness, Durham shouted back to the chief: "Tell my wife I am going to kill myself."

The victims of the shooting were rushed to St. Joseph's hospital in one of the hose wagons. Operations were performed on Sampsell and Elliott. The surgeons say Sampsell suffered a severe hemorrhage and they hold out no hopes of his recovery. Elliott has a chance.

HARDING AND TREADWAY

Ohio Republicans Hold a Thrilling State Convention.

Columbus, July 27.—After an exciting struggle the Republican state convention today nominated Warren G. Harding, of Marion, for governor. Mr. Harding was chosen on the third ballot, which resulted as follows: Harding, 746; Brown, 120; Longworth, 195; Garfield, 5. Below is the ticket complete:

For Governor—WARREN G. HARDING.

For Lieutenant Governor—FRANCIS W. TREADWAY.

For Secretary of State—GRANVILLE W. MOONEY.

For Attorney General—U. GRANT DENMAN.

For Treasurer of State—RUDY A. ARCHER.

For Justices Supreme Court—WILLIAM B. CREW, AUG. N. SUMMERS.

For Clerk of Supreme Court—JOHN S. McNUTT.

For Dairy and Food Commissioner—RENICK W. DUNLAP.

For Member of Board of Public Works—GEORGE H. WATKINS.

For Commissioner of Common Schools—JOHN W. ZELLER.

[The platform adopted by the convention is published elsewhere in this issue of The Blade.]

BIRD MAY BLIND MAN

Carrolltown, Pa., August 2.—While holding a crane which had been slightly wounded, Joseph Warender, aged 23, was unable to dodge its beak and the bird pecked out his left eye. Because of sympathetic nerve trouble it is believed he may lose the other eye.

62 Bu. per Acre **Winter Wheat**

The New Malakoff; The Great Russian Winter Wheat. Imported and introduced by us six years ago; has made the most remarkable record for large yields, certain crop and quality in the annals of American wheat growing. We also grow the Karkof, Trkish Red and Fultz varieties; Mammoth White Rye, all Strictly Northern Grown. Samples of any two varieties with Catalog Free. For additional samples of Wheat, Rye, Alfalfa, Clovers, Grasses or other seeds inclose 1c in stamps for each to pay postage. KATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.

THE GIRL MUST HELP

Police Are Gently Trying to Bring Typist to Tell What She Knows.

Quebec, Can., August 2.—Ethel Clare Leneve, who gave up home and friends for love of Dr. Hawley H. Crippen and now finds herself sharing with him the odium of a murder charge, is the central figure in the police end of the tragedy. Crippen, taciturn and seeming to a considerable extent to have recovered his composure, has said nothing since his arraignment yesterday which might help the police in solving the mystery surrounding the disappearance of his wife, Belle Elmore, the American actress.

It is expected that Crippen and Miss Leneve will be returned to England for trial at the expiration of the 15 days' grace provided by the extradition laws of Canada. In the meantime the detectives would like very much to gather from the accused additional evidence that would facilitate the subsequent procedure.

"Crippen Is No Fool."

Unless present signs fail they will receive no help in this line from Dr. Crippen.

"Crippen is no fool," said Inspector Dew, and no one questioned his opinion. Accordingly it is generally believed that the police are resting their hopes on Miss Leneve. If she does not possess the key to the mystery, they think that she can at least aid them materially in a reconstruction of the circumstances leading up to the disappearance of Belle Elmore. It is known that Mrs. Crippen was jealous of her husband's typist, and the police have no doubt that Miss Leneve was aware of this jealousy.

They will not use any "third degree" methods in interviewing Miss Leneve, but more subtle influences already are at work. The girl prisoner is being treated with the greatest consideration. She showed the effect of this today, appearing to be much better in body and mind than on yesterday, when, following the collapse after her arrest, she was considered too ill to appear in court.

Girl Not in Cell.

Miss Leneve has never been placed in a cell here. She has been kept in the room of one of the women employes of the provincial jail and has been allowed occasional outdoor exercise. The attitude towards her by the police is sympathetic. Inspector Dew has repeatedly said that he believed the girl was innocent of any knowledge of wrong doing. She has been visited by other women, who have treated her most kindly. At the same time Miss Leneve is being bombarded with cablegrams from members of her family in London, urging her to tell all that she knows. The pressure of friendliness is being exerted upon her, while there is no prospect that she will come in contact with Dr. Crippen or even see him for a long time.

The purpose in all this is obvious, when it is considered that so far as is generally known, Scotland Yard has been unable to identify the dismembered body found in the cellar of the Crippen home in London.

The police case is believed not to be complete.

To casual observers it appears that a very pretty little three-cornered game is being played between the police, Crippen and Miss Leneve. Crippen seems to be playing a lone hand, but whether the police will receive help from Miss Leneve is a question of chief interest.

CRIPPEN'S AGED FATHER

CASE'S PATHETIC FIGURE

Los Angeles, August 1.—Bowed down by years and broken by the ordeal of his son's flight and arrest on suspicion of having killed his wife, M. A. Crippen, father of Dr. Hawley H. Crippen, presents today the most pathetic figure of the case that has engrossed the interest of two continents.

"I have not the money to go to Hawley, but if I had I would gladly go and be of whatever consolation I might be to him," said the suspect's father today.

"I have not received any word from him, and do not expect to. It is hard to have to be alone and suffer, but I don't think it will last long. I am not long for this world now, and since this trial has come to me I have not had a single day of good health.

"They can't prove anything on Hawley. They can't even prove that Belle Elmore is dead. Why should I believe him guilty? I know he would not do such a thing. It passes belief. I may never know the truth, as I don't feel I can stand this worry much longer. I feel as if I would like to go away alone and die. I did my best to educate Hawley and his son. I did the best I could, and now in my old age I am alone and overwhelmed by this disgrace."

GIVE SHEEP A NEW PASTURE

Washington, August 2.—The Beartooth National forest in Montana has been opened to the grazing of 17,000 additional head of sheep. This action increases the original limit of 24,000 head and was taken in response to an appeal of the stockmen that the government throw open the reserve to their herds on account of the drought conditions.

QUIT WHEAT IN KANSAS

May Stop Sowing to Kill Chinch Bug.

Topeka, Kan., August 1.—Will the wheat growers of Kansas stop the planting of this cereal for a term of years to the end that they may get rid of the chinch bug pest that is menacing this and all other crops? This is a question that is agitating the wheat farmers all over the state, and concerted action is advised by many.

The movement to suspend wheat raising for a time and plant the fields to corn started at Wellington, where the wheat farmers met at the Sumner County Farmers' institute and discussed the matter. Sumner county was the banner wheat section of Kansas a few years ago, and its fields sent to the eastern market the finest varieties of wheat grown in the west.

Chinch bugs have destroyed hundreds of wheat fields in Sumner county this year, and the wheat growers who discussed the question at the recent meeting at Wellington declared it their opinion that the only way by which they could rid their fields of the pest would be to suspend sowing wheat.

It was shown in the statements made by the Sumner county wheat growers that the chinch bug has its origination and its maintenance in the wheat field. After its full development it goes into the corn fields and does its greatest damage. If the farmers will all agree to stop sowing wheat for a year or two, they say, the chinch bug will lose its existence and the corn and oats will not be bothered by it. Many farmers of Sumner county have agreed to discontinue sowing wheat and plant the land to corn, and other counties throughout the wheat belt are taking similar action.

Professors from the State university and the State Agricultural college were present at the meeting at Wellington, and they told the farmers that the chinch bug pest was the greatest menace to agricultural interests of the state. These professors made no suggestions as to the proper use of abandoned wheat lands, but the farmers told them they believed corn was the ideal product of the Kansas wheat belt. If the rain comes in time, they said, corn will prove a better and safer crop, just as it has proved to be the staple cereal crop of Iowa and Illinois.

MUSIC MAKES MORE MILK

Dairyman Encourages Cows With a Phonograph.

Boston, August 1.—"Making hay while the sun shines" has a new rival in "milking cows while the band plays." The soothing and seductive strains of the phonograph as a means of causing thoroughbred cows to yield marvelous surpluses of milk is the very latest and most unique innovation in dairying whereby John M. Longyear, Brookline's greatest millionaire, has centered the attention of farmers everywhere and particularly the authorities at Washington upon this novel departure.

Hypnotized by music, the millionaire's cows have come so near to milk yielding records that the phonograph test is now being discussed everywhere as a new and startlingly practical adjunct in dairying.

The idea was first suggested while a barn party was in progress at Longyear's dairy during milking time. Some of the most irritable of the cattle behaved perfectly. The day's milk supply was greatly in excess of other days. The following day's supply dropped, until it dawned upon the dairymen that perhaps the music had something to do with it. A phonograph was immediately installed and the milk supply went up to its highest notch. Longyear has interested the agricultural authorities at Washington in his new process.

FINDS MANY CROPS GOOD

Seattle, Wash., August 2.—A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, and party, are in Seattle after an inspection trip over the line of the Chicago, Malwaukee & Puget Sound road.

Commenting on crop conditions, Mr. Earling said:

"Crop conditions in eastern Washington are good; in Montana, excellent; in North Dakota, South Dakota and Minnesota they suffered from drought. Estimates obtained from the most reliable sources place the yield of North Dakota at not to exceed 40 per cent of an average crop; in Minnesota and South Dakota about 70 per cent.

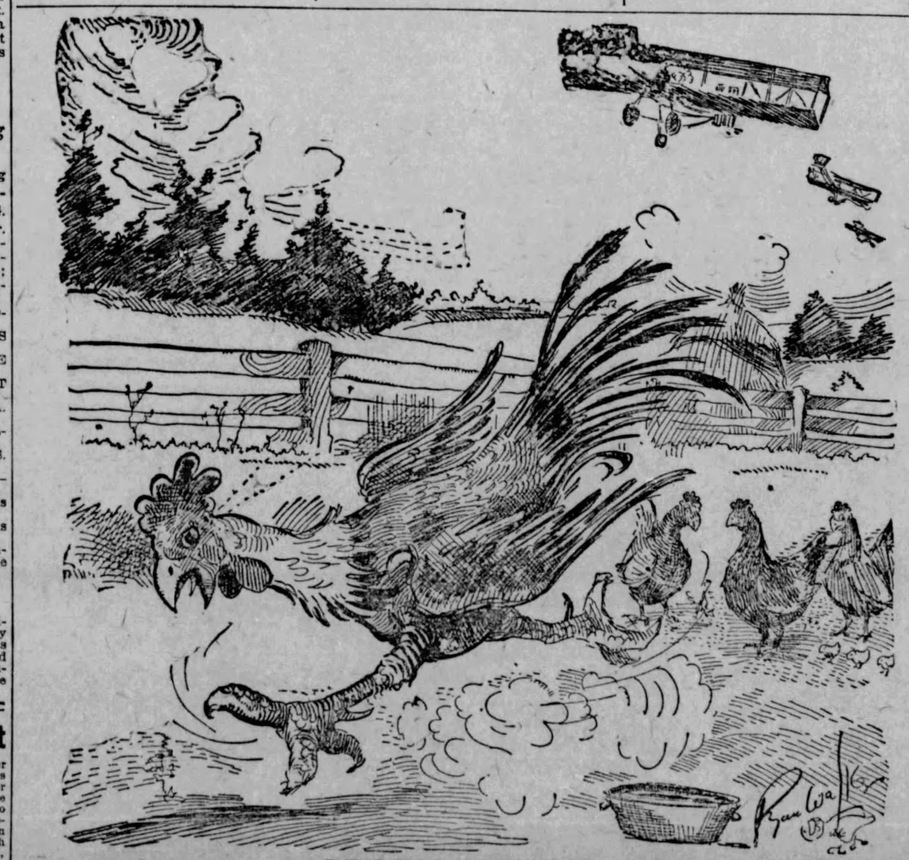
"Notwithstanding the partial crop failure in the Dakotas and Minnesota, business conditions continue to be fairly good."

WALL OF FLAME IS ADVANCING

Missoula, Mont., August 2.—With a wall of flames eight miles long eating its way over the Montana-Idaho divide into this state, with another fire raging at the head of Cedar creek, and still others reported in various sections, a cry for help was raised here yesterday by the officials of the forest service.

Street runners are out accosting every likely candidate as a fire fighter and when it was found that Missoula would fail to supply anything like the needed number, a request was sent to Butte, and there another fire-fighting army is being recruited by forestry agents.

The Cedar creek fire is rapidly eating into the heavy forests of the Trout creek district.



THESE CROSS COUNTRY FLIGHTS.

The Gallant Chantecler—"Excuse me, ladies, but here comes the funniest hawk I ever seen!"

CLEWS EXPLAINS BREAK

Declares, Too, That Crop Outlook Is Not Entirely Satisfactory.

New York, August 1.—The breakdown of a speculative clique, which sought to link up a series of disconnected lines into a new transcontinental system, proved to be at the bottom of the collapse in values which occurred in Monday's and Tuesday's market, says Henry Clews in his last letter. The taking over of these securities by a strong international banking syndicate unquestionably saved the market from a worse crash, and produced a radical change for the better in the technical situation. As soon as the facts became known liquidation ceased, and a sharp rebound followed which was materially accelerated by a rush to cover outstanding shorts. The extreme pessimism bred by the mysterious declines of last week suddenly disappeared and the whole market displayed a better and more normal tone. Another consideration which imparted a better tone and checked the growing wave of pessimism was the report of the United States Steel Co., which showed handsome profits for the past quarter and a smaller falling off in orders on hand than was really anticipated. As the steel trade is still considered one of the best industrial barometers, the effect of this report was naturally stimulating.

Monetary Situation Improved.

The monetary situation shows further improvement. Local bank resources continue to rise, and there is much less apprehension of severe monetary stringency during the coming fall than at one time existed. What with liquidation in stocks and declining values in commodities and securities, money goes much further than six months ago, especially in view of the shrinkage in volume of business and speculation. The last statement of the national banks may have been unsatisfactory owing to the small contraction in loans at the interior, but recently farmers have been marketing their crops more freely and liquidation from this and other sources will probably result in a much better showing for the interior banks when the next call is issued.

The crop outlook is not entirely satisfactory. The yield of wheat, cotton and corn is likely to fall below early calculations. The loss in wheat has already been amply discounted and is not serious. Much deterioration, however, has taken place in cotton, and the corn crop has likewise lost ground to some extent. Both of these crops are still in danger of early frosts, and disaster to either would, under present conditions, have a very serious effect upon business. The country was urgently in need of a large cotton crop, but the outlook is now for a 12,000,000 bale yield, which is below normal and means continued high prices for cotton. The effect of this upon the domestic industry and upon our export trade must be taken into consideration. Our main hope regarding the crops still centers upon corn. Should this prove a bumper yield it will do much towards offsetting any loss in wheat and cotton. The result, however, will be to leave the agricultural situation spotty. Some of our farmers will enjoy another season of exceptional profits, while others must endure serious loss.

MUSTN'T BLEACH FLOUR

Millers Will Be Prosecuted by Government.

Washington, August 1.—Millers must stop bleaching flour, pending adjudication by the higher courts, or stand criminal prosecution for each shipment made in interstate commerce, according to a decision reached here today at a conference between officials of the departments of agriculture and justice.

At the conference were Acting Attorney General Fowler and Solicitor McCabe, of the department of agriculture, the latter representing Secretary Wilson.

It was decided that inspectors of the bureau of chemistry should be instructed to procure samples of bleached flour shipped in interstate commerce by millers and jobbers since the date of the decision in the Kansas City case, with a view to criminal prosecution of those responsible for the shipments.

The Kansas City case was a seizure of certain flour which the government claimed was adulterated and misbranded because it had been bleached with nitrogen peroxide. After a five weeks' trial and exhaustive testimony on both sides, the verdict in the case sustained the contention of the government, and the bleachers have appealed the case to the circuit court of appeals.

The government holds that, inasmuch as a jury has decided that bleached flour is adulterated, during the pendency of the appeal and until determination is made by a higher court, bleached flour must not be sent in interstate commerce.

REFUSES $100 FOR BEE

Queen Progenitor of 3,285,000 Is Found Too Valuable to Sell.

Stoughton, Mass., August 1.—One hundred dollars for one tiny honey bee, measuring less than an inch in length, and whose span of life is reckoned now at less than one year, is the sum offered and refused the prize bee "queen" that has been treasured for three years. The value of the insect lies in that it has been the means of bringing into existence approximately 3,285,000 bees, capable of becoming honey makers of an unusual order.

GOVERNOR MANN TO BE SUED

Virginia Executive Charged With Legal Malpractice.

Richmond, Va., August 2.—Attorney William L. Royal, representing J. H. Farmer, of Burkville, Va., called on Governor Mann Saturday and notified him that a suit for $10,000 charging him with malpractice, would be filed in the law and equity court here this week.

This charge was brought against the governor when a candidate for his present office. Farmer charges that Governor Mann in 1907 gave him legal advice regarding a controversy over a contract between Farmer and the Akers Lumber Co., at Lynchburg. Mann's advice was paid for and a promise was given by him that he would act as counsel for Farmer when the suit which his advice precipitated was brought. A few weeks later Farmer was served with an injunction blocking his business. This was a part of the suit brought by Judge Mann for the Akers Lumber Co. The governor stated today that he withdrew from the case after recalling the promise made to Farmer.

COTTON BELOW THE AVERAGE

Government Report Puts Figures at 75.5.

Washington, August 2.—The average condition of the cotton crop on July 25 was 75.5 per cent of a normal according to a bulletin of the crop reporting board of the department of agriculture, issued at noon today.

The average condition was 80.7 on June 25, 71.9 on July 25 last year, 83.0 in 1908, 75.0 in 1907 and 79.4 the 10-year average.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, August 2.—Tremendous receipts in winter wheat markets of America affected not only the domestic situation, but the entire world's as well. It was due largely to the heavy arrivals in terminal marts of the United States that Liverpool opened sharply lower. An increase in the visible supply was a feature of the European wheat market. Toledo cash opened ¾c lower at $1.02½, Sept. ¾c down at $1.03, December ¼c off at $1.05¼ and May ¾c down at $1.09. The two far futures dropped ½c before 10 a. m. Chicago got more than 1,000 cars, while local receipts were still liberal.

What demand developed was largely speculative. Cables closed weak and buying was chiefly on short account. Cash closed 2¼c off at $1.01, September 2c down at $1.01¾, December 1c lower at $1.04¾ and May 1c lower at $1.08⅝.

Rains in parts of Kansas where needed, and prospects of showers pretty much throughout the belt, weakened corn. September started .1c down at 65¼, December ¾c lower at 62c and May ½@¾c at 63¼c. The market lost about ¼c soon after the opening.

Cash closed at 65c, September at 64⅝c, December at 61c, May at 62⅝c.

There is little doubt but that a big crop of fine oats is being harvested. September started ⅝c up at 37½c, but the futures were weaker, December starting ½c down at 39c and May ⅛c lower at 41⅝c. The more remote futures regained a little of the loss in the early trading.

Closes in oats—Cash, 37½c, September 37⅝c, December 39c, May 41⅝c.

Cash clover seed opened unchanged at $7.90, but October, December and March were 2½c lower at $7.92½ on the call.

At the close clover seed values swung up to the level of the previous finish.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug. 2.	Close Aug. 1.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.02½	....	....	1.01	1.03¼
Sept	1.03	....	....	1.01⅝	1.03⅜
Dec	1.05¼	....	1.04⅝	1.04⅝	1.05⅝
May	1.09	....	1.08½	1.08⅝	1.09¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	65	66
Sept	65¼	....	....	64⅝	66¼
Dec	62	....	....	61	62⅝
May	63¼	....	....	62⅝	64⅜
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	37½	38
Sept	37½	....	....	37⅝	37½
Dec	39	39¼	....	39	39½
May	41⅝	41⅞	41¼	41⅝	42⅛
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.90	....	....	7.90	7.90
Oct	7.92½	....	....	7.95	7.98
Dec	7.92½	....	....	7.75	7.95
March	7.92½	....	....	7.95	7.95
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	74	75
No. 3	....	....	....	71	72
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.95	2.95
Aug	....	....	....	2.95	2.95
Sept	....	....	....	2.95	2.95
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.35	8.40
Aug	....	....	....	8.35	8.40

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.02½	1.02¾	1.00½	1.00⅝	1.02½
Dec	1.03⅝	1.04⅛	....	1.03⅛	1.04⅛
May	1.07⅝	1.08	....	1.07¼	1.08¼
Corn—					
Sept	63¼	....	62	62¼	63⅞
Dec	60⅜	....	59⅜	60	61⅜
May	62⅜	....	61¼	61½	63¼
Oats—					
Sept	37¼	....	36½	36⅝	37¼
Dec	38⅛	38⅝	37⅝	37¾	38⅝
May	40⅞	....	40⅜	40½	41¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07½	....	....	1.06⅝	1.07⅝
Dec	1.09⅝	....	....	1.09⅝	....

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	99⅞	....	....	98⅝	1.00⅜
Dec	....	....	....	1.01⅞	1.03

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.10¼	1.11
Dec	....	....	....	1.09½	1.10⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	1.12⅝	1.13⅝
Dec	....	....	....	1.10⅝	1.11¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Oct	20.85	....	....	21.57	20.80
Sept	21.50	....	....	20.65	21.45
Jan	17.90	....	....	17.90	17.80
Lard—					
Sept	11.57	....	....	11.60	11.50
Oct	11.42	....	....	11.45	11.37
Jan	....	....	....	10.17	10.15
Ribs—					
Sept	11.40	....	....	11.50	11.27
Oct	11.00	....	....	11.00	10.82
Jan	....	....	....	9.17	9.12

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 2.—Receipts of hogs were good and the market ruled strong. With the exception of a decline in veal calves other live stock was unchanged.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.40@8.50; good mediums, $8.40@8.50; heavy yorkers, $8.75@8.80; light yorkers, $9.00@9.15; good rulved, 150 lbs., and up, $8.50@8.65; good pigs, $9.00@9.25; bulk of sales, $8.50@8.80; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $7.00@7.25; good to choice, $6.50@7.00; good fat, 1,050 to 1,250 lbs., $6.00@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,200 lbs., $5.50@6.00; common and light steers, $5.00@5.50; choice fat cows, $4.25@4.75; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $2.50@2.75; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; prime export bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.75@4.25; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.00@4.50; common and light heifers, $3.75@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.00; fair to good feeders, $4.00@4.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $4.00@4.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; culls and common, $3.00@3.50; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; yearlings, $5.00@5.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.00.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $9.00 down; fair to good, $8.50@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and fail fed, $5.00@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., August 2.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 12 cars, Hogs, 15 cars; steady. Heavy, $8.60@8.65; yorkers, $8.90@9.00; pigs, $9.25@9.30. Sheep, 5 cars; steady. Best lambs, $7.00; yearlings, $5.75@6.00; wethers, $5.00@5.40; ewes, $4.00@4.50. Calves, $8.00@9.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, August 2.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle, steady. Hogs, receipts 1,500; slow and 5@10c lower; heavy, $8.25@8.30; mixed, $8.45@8.50; mediums, $8.80@8.85; yorkers, $8.85@9; lights, $9.10@9.15; pigs, $9.15. Sheep, slow, $4.50 down; top lambs, $6.75. Calves, dull, $9.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, August 2.—(By Bower & Bower)—Hogs, receipts 15 cars, market higher; lights, $9.00@9.25; yorkers, $8.85; heavy, $8.40@8.45. Lambs, $6.75. Calves, $9.00. Steers, $6@6.50; cows and bulls, $4.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 2.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 9,000; market slow, steady; beeves, $4.65@8.10; Texas steers, $3.50@5.50; western steers, $4.00@6.50; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.15; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.25; calves, $6.50@8.75. Hogs, receipts estimated at 13,000; market 5c higher; light, $8.20@8.75; mixed, $7.50@8.40; heavy, $7.40@8.20; roughs, $7.45@7.70; good to choice heavy, $7.70@8.20; pigs, $8.10@8.70. Sheep, receipts estimated at 18,000; market steady; native, $2.70@4.50; western, $2.70@4.50; yearlings, $4.50@7.00; native, $4.50@7.00; western, $4.50@7.00; lambs, native, $4.50@7.00; western, $4.50@7.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Aug. 2.—(Wall Street)—The market ignored the higher level of prices in early London market and started trading under declines from last night's closing level. Reading & Texas fell 1¼, Southern Pacific, U. P. and American Sugar 1, and Union Pacific, Steel & Rio Grande preferred and American Sugar large fractions.

The market became weaker with considerable pressure against some of the Gould and Steel stocks. Chesapeake & Ohio yielded to its lowest price of the year, American Locomotive preferred gave way 2 points, Missouri Pacific 1¾, International Harvester 1¾, St. Paul and Delaware & Hudson and Pacific Mail 1.

Full recoveries were made by the sectors later, after which the trading became dull. Illinois Central rose 1¾, Tennessee Copper and New York Central 1.

Reports of rain in portions of the corn belt where they are needed caused a firm tone in stocks. Southern Railway preferred and Colorado Fuel rose 1, and there were a few fractional gains besides. Trading became stagnant as the hour approached for the bulletin of the government report on cotton conditions. Atlantic Coast Line fell 2¼, and Colorado and Southern Bonds were easy.

The Hill stocks weakened, but with the publication of the government report on cotton the whole list became stronger and active. Chesapeake & Ohio and Sloss-Sheffield Steel were up 2 points above yester